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THE SOCIETY EDITOR

By William Allen White

THEY say that in the newspaper offices of the city men work in ruts, and that the editorial writer never reports an item, no matter how much he knows of it, and that a reporter is not allowed to express an editorial view of a subject even though he be well qualified to speak. But on our little country daily newspaper it is entirely different. We work on the interchangeable point system. Every one writes items, all of us get advertising and jobwork when it comes our way, and when one of us writes anything particularly good, it is marked for the editorial page. The religious reporter does the racing matinée in Wildwood Park, and the financial editor, who gets the market reports from the feed-store men, also gets any church news that comes along.

The only time we ever established a department was when we made Miss Larrabee society editor. She came from the high school, where her graduating essay on Kipling attracted our attention, and after an office council had decided that a Saturday society page would be a paying proposition.

As an Office Joke the Boys Used to Leave a Step-Ladder by Her Desk so that She Could Climb Up and See How Her Top-Knot Really Looked

At first, say for six months after she came to the office, Miss Larrabee devoted herself to the accumulation of professional pride. This pride was as much a part of her life as her pompadour, which at that time was so high that she had to tiptoe to reach it. However she managed to keep it up was the wonder of the office. Finally, we all agreed that she must use chicken-fence. She denied this, but she was inclined to be good-natured about it, and as an office joke the boys used to leave a step-ladder by her desk so that she could climb up and see how her top-knot really looked. But nothing ruffled her spirits, and we quit teasing her and began to admire her work. In addition to filling six columns of the Saturday's paper with her society report in a town where a church social is important enough to justify publishing the names of those who wait on the tables, Miss Larrabee was a credit to the office.

For she was always invited to the entertainments at the homes of the rich and the great who had stationary wash-tubs in the basements of their houses, and who ate dinner instead of supper in the evening. And when she put on what the boys called her trotting harness, her silk petticoats rustled louder than any others at the party. One day she suddenly dropped her pompadour and appeared with her hair parted in the middle and doused over her ears in long, undulating billows. No other girl in town came within a quarter of an inch of Miss Larrabee's dare. When straight-fronts became stylish Miss Larrabee was a vertical marvel, and when she rolled up her sleeves and organized a country club, she referred to her shoes as boots and took the longest steps in town. But with it all she was no mere clothes-horse. We drilled it into her head during her first two weeks that "society" news in a country town means not merely the doings of the cut-glass set, but that it means the doings of the Happy Hoppers, the Trundle-Bed Trash, the Knights of Columbus, the Rathbone Sisters, the King's Daughters, the Epworth League, the Christian Endeavorers, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Ladies' Aid and the Home Missionary Societies, Miss Nelson's Dancing Class, the Switchmen's annual ball—if we get their job-work—and every kindred, every tribe, except such as gather in what is known as "kitchen sweats" and occasionally send in calls for the police. When Miss Larrabee got this into her head she began to groan under her burden, and, at the end of the year, though she had great pride in her profession, she affected to loathe her department.

Weddings were her especial abominations, and when the first social cloud appeared on the horizon indicating the approach of a series of showers for the bride which would culminate in a cloudburst at some stone church, Miss Larrabee would begin to rumble like distant thunder and, as the storm grew thicker, she would flash out crooked chain-lightning imprecations on the heads of the young people, their fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts. By the day of the wedding she would be rolling a steady diapason of polite, decolorized, expurgated, ladylike profanity.

When she sat at her desk writing the stereotyped account of the event, it was like picking up a live wire to speak to her. As she wrote, we could tell at just what stage she had arrived in her copy. Thus if she said to the adjacent atmosphere, "What a whopper!" we knew she had written, "The crowning glory of a happy fortnight of social gatherings found its place when——" and when she hissed out, "Mortgaged clear to the eaves and full of installment furniture!" we felt that she had reached a point something like this: "After the ceremony the gay party assembled at the palatial home." In a moment she would snarl: "I am dead tired of seeing Mrs. Merriman's sprawly old fern and the Bosworth palm. I wish they would stop lending them!" And then we realized that she had reached the part of her write-up which said: "The chancel rail was banked with a profusion of palms and ferns and rare tropical plants." She always groaned when she came to the "simple and impressive ring ceremony." When she wrote, "After the benediction the distinguished company came forward to offer the congratulations to the newly-wedded pair," she would say as she sharpened her pencil point: "There's nothing like a wedding to reveal what a raft of common kin people have." And we knew it was all over and she was closing the article with: "A dazzling array of beautiful and costly presents were exhibited in the library," for then she would pick up her copy, dog-ear the sheets, and jab them on the hook as she sighed: "Another great American pickle-dish exhibit ended."

In the way she did two things Miss Larrabee excited the wonder and admiration of the office. One was the way she kept tabs on brides. We heard through her of the brides who could cook, and of those who were beginning life by accumulating a bright little pile of tin cans in the alley. Also she knew the brides who could do their own sewing and those who could not. She had the single girl's sniff at the bride who wore her trousseau season after season, made over and fixed up, and she gave the office the benefit of her opinion of the husband in the case who had a new tailor-made suit every fall and spring. She scented young married troubles from afar, and we knew in the office whether his folks were edging up on her, or her people were edging up on him. If a young married man danced more than twice in one evening with any one but his wife, Miss Larrabee made faces at his back when he passed the office window, and if she caught a young married woman flirting Miss Larrabee regaled us by telling us with whom the woman in question had opened a "fresh can of emotions."

The other way in which Miss Larrabee displayed genius for her work was in describing women's costumes. Three or four times a year, when there are large social gatherings, we print descriptions of the women's gowns. Only three women in our town have more than one new party dress in a year, and most of the women make a party dress last two or three years. Miss Larrabee was familiar with every dress in town. She knew it made over, and no woman was cunning enough to conceal the truth from Miss Larrabee with a spangled yoke, a chiffon bertha or a net overdress. Yet she would describe the gown not merely twice but half a dozen times so that the woman wearing it might send every description to her rich relatives back East without arousing their suspicion that she was wearing the same dress year after year. Therefore, whenever she wrote up the dresses worn at a party we were sure to sell from fifty to a hundred extra papers. She could turn a breast-pin and a home-made point-lace handkerchief tucked in the front of a good old lady's best black satin into "point-lace and diamonds," that was always good for a dozen copies of the paper, and she never overlooked the dress of the wife of a good advertiser, no matter how plain it might be.

She was worth her wages to the office merely as a compendium of shams. She knew whether the bridal couple, who announced that they would spend their honeymoon in the East, were really going to Niagara Falls, or whether they were going to spend a week with his relatives in Decatur, Illinois. She knew every woman in town who bought two prizes for her whist party—one to give if her friend should win the prize, and another to give if the woman she hated should win. And with the diabolical eye of a fiend she detected the woman who was wearing the dry-cleaned, cast-off clothing of her sister in the city. What she saw the office knew, though with the wisdom of a serpent she kept her conclusions out of the paper if they would do any harm or hurt any one's feelings. No pretender ever dreamed that she was not fooling Miss Larrabee. She was willing to agree most sympathetically with the woman who insisted that the "common people" wouldn't be interested in the list of names at her party. And the only

Insisted that the "Common People" Wouldn't be Interested

place where we ever saw Miss Larrabee's claw in print was in the insistent misspelling of the name of a woman who made it a point to ridicule the paper.

We have had other girls around the office since Miss Larrabee left, but they don't seem to get the work done with any system. She was not only industrious, but practical. Friday mornings, when her work piled up, instead of fussing around the office and chattering at the telephone, she would dive into her desk and bring up her regular list of adjectives. These she would copy on three slips, carefully dividing the list so that no one had a duplicate, and in the afternoon each of the boys received a slip with a list of parties, and with instructions to scatter the adjectives she had given him through the accounts of the parties assigned to him—and the work was soon done. There was no scratching the head for synonyms for "beautiful," "superb" or "elegant." Miss Larrabee had doled out to each of us the adjectives necessary, and, given the adjectives, society reporting is easy. Also the editing of the copy is easy, for one does not have to remember whether or not the refreshments were "delicious" at the Jones party when he sees the word in connection with the viands at the Smith party. No two parties were ever "elegant" the same week. No two events were "charming." No two women were "exquisitely" gowned. The person who was assigned the adjective "delightful" by Miss Larrabee might stick it in front of a luncheon, pin it on a hostess, or use it for an evening's entertainment. But he could use it only once. And with a list of those present and the adjectives thereunto appertaining, even a new boy could get up a column in half an hour. She had an artist's pride in the finished work, however much she might dislike the thing in making, and she used to sail down to the press-room as soon as the paper was out, and, picking up the paper from the folder, she would stand reading her page, line upon line, precept upon precept, though every word and syllable was familiar to her.

During her first year she joined the Woman's State Press Club, but she discovered that she was the only real worker in the club and she never attended a second meeting. She told us that too many of the women wore white stockings and low shoes and read their own unpublished short stories, and she feared they regarded her wide-shouldered shirtwaist and melodramatic openwork hosiery with suspicion and alarm.

As the years passed, and wedding after wedding sizzled under her pen, she complained to us that she was beginning to be called "auntie" in too many houses, and that the stock of available young men who didn't wear their handkerchiefs under their collars at the dances had dwindled down to two. This reality faces every girl who lives in a country town. Then she is left with two alternatives: to go visiting or to begin bringing them up by hand.

Wearing the Dry-Cleaned, Cast-Off Clothing of Her Sister in the City

Miss Larrabee went visiting. At the end of a month she wrote: "It's all over with me. He is a nice fellow, and has a job doing 'Live Topics About Town' here on the Sun. Give my job to the little Wheatly girl, and tell her to quit writing poetry, and hike up her dress in the back. My adjectives are in the left-hand corner of the desk under When Knighthood was in Flower. And do you suppose you could get me and the grand keeper of the records and seals a pass home for Christmas if I'd do you a New York letter some time?

"They say these city papers are hog tight!"

The Young Man in the World

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

THE NEGLECTED YOUNG MAN

WHAT of the young man who stands without the college gates? What of him upon whom Fate has locked the doors of this arsenal of power and life's equipment?

"Why does not some one give counsel and encouragement to the boy who, for any one of a thousand reasons, cannot take four years, or four months, from his life of continuous toil in order to go to college?" asked a young man full of the vitality of purpose, but to whom even the education of our high schools was an absolute impossibility.

And who shall deny the weight and insistence of that question? Is it, indeed, not more important than the questions which concern the man who can go to college?

After all, for most of our eighty millions, the college is practically beyond reach. Even among those young men who have the nerve, ability and ambition to "work their way through college," there are tens of thousands who cannot do even that, no matter if they were willing for four years to toil at saw-buck, live on gruel, and dress in overalls and hickory shirt. I have in mind now a spirited young American of this class whose father died when the son was still a boy, and on whose shoulders, therefore, fell the duty of "supporting mother and helping the girls" even before his young manhood had begun.

The Importance of Men at the Bottom

FOR this young man, college or university might just as well be Jupiter, or Saturn, or Arcturus. Very well. What of this young man? What of the myriads of young Americans like him? What hope does our complex industrial civilization, which every day grows more intense, hold out to these children of hard circumstances, whose muscles daily strain at the windlasses of necessary duty?

I repeat the question, and multiply the forms in which I put it. It is so pressingly important. It concerns the most important material with which free institutions work—the neglected man, he whom Fortune overlooks. What a strange weakness of human nature that makes everybody interested in the man at the top, and nobody interested in the man at the bottom! Yet it is the man at the bottom upon whom our Republican institutions are established. It is the man at the bottom who, science tells us, will by the irresistible processes of Nature produce after a while the man at the top.

The young Bonaparte proved himself a very wizard of human nature when he said: "Every soldier of France carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack." And did not the Master, with a wisdom wholly divine, choose as the seed-bearers of our faith throughout the world the neglected men? Only one of the Apostles was what we would term to-day a "college man"—namely, St. Luke, the physician. What said the Teacher? "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."

Yes, the neglected man is the important man. We do not think so day by day, we idle observers of our Vanity Fair, we curbstone watchers of the world's street parade. We think it is the conspicuous man who counts. Our attention is mostly for him who wears the epaulets of prominence and favorable condition. Therefore most articles, papers and volumes on young men consider only that lucky favorite-of-Fortune-for-the-hour, the college man.

But the great Corsican who knew men, and with that knowledge made monarchs absurd, the recasting of geography his recreation, and even dethroned for a time the Fates themselves, administering the destinies of peoples from the high seat of his sane audacity—the mighty Little Corporal knew better. He knew that in the breasts of the neglected millions beats the heart of Empire.

That was why he said: "Every soldier of France carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack." And that sentence, thrilling the soul of every peasant from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, aroused a power upon which mankind to-day still looks with admiration and with awe, as mankind will continue to regard it while history speaks.

And this paper is therefore addressed to the neglected man. I would have speech with those young men with stout heart, true intention and good ability, who labor outside those college walls, to which they look with longing but beyond which they may not pass.

First, then, do not let the circumstances that keep you out of college discourage you. If such a little thing as that depresses you, it is proof that you are not the character who would have succeeded if you had a lifetime of college education. If you are discouraged because you cannot go to college, what will happen to you when life hereafter presents to you much harder situations? Remember that every strong man who prevails in the merciless contest with events faces conditions which to weaker men seem inaccessible—are inaccessible.

But it is the scaling of these heights, or the tunneling through them, or the blasting of them out of their way and out of existence, which makes these strong men strong. It is the overcoming of these obstacles day after day, and year after year, as long as life lasts, which gives these mighty ones much of their power. What is it you so admire in men whom you think fortunate—what is it but their mastery of adversity after adversity? What is that which you call success but victory over untoward events? Do not, then, let your resolution be softened by the hard luck that keeps you out of college. If that permanently bends you, you are not a Damascus blade of tempered steel—you are a sword of lead, heavy, dull and yielding.

Men Who Did Not Go to College

AND perhaps it is not hard luck, after all. Maybe it is only the test of the stuff that is in you. Certainly that was the view of that constructive genius, Collis P. Huntington, the greatest railroad man the world had produced up to his time; for you will remember that in my paper on the Young Man and College Life I quoted the opinion of this master mind of the railroad world, that college is a waste of any young man's time, unfitting instead of equipping him for doing the real things of our workaday lives.

Next to Collis P. Huntington, the railroad man of the last generation, whose ability rose to genius, was President Scott, of the Pennsylvania system. He thought, with Mr. Huntington, that a college training was unnecessary; and his own life demonstrated that the very ultimate of achievement, the very crest of effort and reward, may be

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Senator Beveridge on The Young Man in the World.

reached by men who know neither Greek nor Latin, nor science as taught in schools, nor mental philosophy as set down in books. From a messenger-boy to the general of an industrial army of thousands of men, and the directing mind planning the expenditure of scores of millions of dollars belonging to great capitalists—such was the career of Thomas Scott.

Very well, why should you not do as well?—"Because my competitors have college education and I have not," do you answer? But, man, Colonel Scott had no college education!—"Because the other fellows have friends and influence and I have none," do you protest? But neither President Scott nor most monumental successes had friends or influence to start with. Don't excuse yourself then. Come! Buck up! Be a man.

You, Who Read This, Never Had to Work Half So Hard as This Boy

"I am greatly troubled," the general superintendent of one of the most extensive railroad systems in the world said to me some two years ago as we rode from Des Moines, Iowa, to Chicago. "I am greatly troubled," said he, "to find an assistant superintendent. There are now under me seven young engineers, every man a graduate of a college; four of them with uncommon ability, and all of them relatives of men heavily interested in this network of railroads. But not one of them will do. Three nights ago all of them happened to meet in Chicago. While there, all of them went out to have what they called 'a good time' together—drinking, and that sort of thing.

"This, in itself, is enough to blacklist every man for the position of my assistant and my successor," continued the general superintendent. "This road will not intrust its operating management to a man who willfully makes himself less than his best every day and every night. Besides this, each of them has some defect. One is brilliant, but not steady; another is steady, but not resourceful—not inventive—and so on. We are looking all over the United States for the young man who has the ability, character, health and habits which my assistant must have."

This general superintendent, under whose orders more than ten thousand men daily performed their complex and delicately adjusted functions, was fifty-three years of age. Now listen to this, you who cannot go to college: He started thirty-five years ago as a freight handler in Chicago at a dollar a day for this same railroad company, which was then a comparatively small and obscure line.

Ah! but you say: "That was thirty-five years ago." Yes, and that is the trouble with you, is it not? You want to start in as superintendent of a great system or the head of a mighty business, do you not? You might as well get that out of your head. It cannot be done. It ought not to be done.

And Perhaps it is Not Hard Luck, After All

If you are willing to work as hard as this man worked, as hard as President Scott, of the Pennsylvania system, worked; if you are willing to stay right by your job instead of changing every thirty minutes; if you are willing to wait as long as they; if you are willing to plant the seed of success in the soil of good hard work, and then water it with good hard work, and attend its growth with good hard work, and wait its flowering and fruitage with patience, its flowering and fruitage will come. Do not doubt it.

For, mark you, this man, at the time he told me that his system was looking all over the United States for a young man capable of being his assistant, had seven high-grade college men on his hands. He would have been more than delighted to take any one of them. Also, he would have taken a man who had never seen a college just as quickly. All he wanted was a man who knew enough about operating a railroad, and had the qualities of leadership, the gift of organizing ability.

It did not matter to this superintendent whether the assistant he sought had been to college or not, whether he was rich or poor. He didn't care a bit more about that than he cared whether the man for whom this place was seeking was a blond or a brunette. The only question that he was asking was: "Where is the man who is equal to the job?"

And that, my young friend, is the question which all industry is asking in every field of human effort; that is the question your fate is putting to you who are anxious to do big work—"*Are you equal to the job?*" If you are not, then be honest enough to step out of the contest. Be honest enough not to envy the other young men who are equal to the job. Yes, be honest enough to applaud the man who is equipped and who marches bravely to his task. Don't find fault with him. Don't swear that "there is no chance for a young man any more." That's not true, you know. And remember always that, if you do all you are fitted for, you do as well as your abler brother, and better than he if you do your best and he does not do his best.

A young man whom fortune had kept from college, but who is too stout-hearted to let that discourage him, said to me the other day: "I don't think that a college education confers, or that the absence of it prevents, success. But I do think that, where there are two men of equal health, ability and character, one will be chosen who has been to college, and to this extent the college man has a better chance." This is true for the ordinary man. *It is true for the man who is willing to put forth no more than the ordinary effort.*

But you who read this—you are willing to put forth extraordinary effort, are you not? You are willing to show these favored wearers of cap and gown that you will run as fast and as far as they, with all their training, are you not? You are willing—yes, and determined—to use every extra hour which your college brother, thinking he has the advantage of you, may possibly waste. And if you do, biography (that most inspiring volume in all literature) absolutely demonstrates that your reward will be as rich as the college man's reward. Yes, richer—for the gold which your refinery purges from the dross of your disadvantages will be doubly refined by the fires of your intenser effort.

In 1847 two men were born who have blessed mankind with productive work which, rich as is now its benefits to the race, will create a new wealth of human helpfulness with each succeeding year as long as time endures. Both these men have lived, almost to a day, the same number of years; both of them are still alive; both of them have labored in neighboring sections of the same field. They are alike, too, in character, almost duplicates in ability. Here, then, is material for a perfect comparison.

One of them was a college man, the son of a celebrated educator and himself a professor in the Boston University. He used the gifts which God gave him for that purpose, and as long as the transmission of human speech continues among men, the name of Alexander Graham Bell will be honored by all the world.

What Hope Does Our Complex Industrial Civilization Hold Out to These Children of Hard Circumstances?

The other of these men could no more have gone to college than he could have crossed the Atlantic on a sheet of paper. You, who read this, never had to work half so hard as this man worked when he was a boy. Your patience will never be so taxed and tested as his patience was and is. But who can say that your efforts and your persistence will not be as richly rewarded, according to your ability, as his have been, if you will try as hard as he has tried, and use every ounce of yourself as effectively as he has used himself?

At twelve years of age he was a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway. That didn't satisfy him. The mystery of the telegraph (and what is more mysterious?) constantly called him. The click of the instrument was a voice from an unknown world speaking to him words far different from those recorded in the messages that instrument was transmitting. And so Thomas A. Edison, without a dollar or a friend, set himself to work to master the telegraph and to explore the mysteries behind it. Result: The duplex telegraph and the developments from that; the phonograph, the incandescent electric light, and those numerous inventions which, one after another, have confounded the bigotry and ignorance of the world.

Edison and Bell—one a college man and the other a laborer without the gates, unlike in preparation but similar in character, devotion and ability, and equal winners of honor and reward at the hands of a just if doubting world.

I might go on all day with illustrations like this. History is brilliant with the names of those who have wrought gloriously without a college training. Also these men have succeeded in every possible line of work. They are among the living, too, as well as among those whose earthly careers have ended.

The men who never went to college have not only built great railroads, but also have written immortal words; not only have they been great editors, but also they have created vast industries, and piled mountain-high their golden fortunes; not only have they made epoch-making discoveries in science, but they have set down in words of music a poetry whose truth and sweetness makes nobler human character and finer the life's work of all who read their sentences of light.

Among the "fathers" who established this government, the greatest never went to college. Hamilton was not a college man. Washington, to this day the first of Americans, was not a college man—indeed, the Father of his Country never even attended school after he was sixteen years old.

Of the great founders of modern journalism—the four extraordinary men whom all men of their profession to this day refer to as the great journalists—only one was a college graduate—Raymond, who founded the New York Times. Charles A. Dana, who made the New York Sun the most quoted newspaper of his generation, was not a college graduate. William Cullen Bryant, who gave to the New York Evening Post a peculiar distinction and preëminence, went to college only a little more than a single year.

Samuel Bowles, who established the Springfield Republican and made its influence felt for righteousness throughout the nation, attended a private institution for only a short while. James Gordon Bennett, the editor whose resourceful mind sent Stanley to the heart of African jungles to find Livingstone, was never a college student.

And Horace Greeley, that amazing mind and character, who created the New York Tribune, and who, through it, for many years exercised more power over public opinion than any other single influence in the Republic, never went to college; and Greeley's famous saying, in which he called college graduates "horned cattle," remained for a quarter of a century a standing maxim in the editorial rooms of all the big newspapers of the country.

Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive, was not a college man. He was the son of a fireman in one of the English collieries. As a boy, he was himself a laborer in the mines. Undoubtedly the greatest engineer America has yet produced was Captain Eads, whose fame was world-wide; yet this Indiana boy, who constructed the jetties of the Mississippi and built the ship railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, never had a day's instruction in any higher institution of learning than the common schools of Dearborn County, Indiana. Ericsson, who invented the Monitor, and whose creative genius revolutionized naval warfare, was a Swedish immigrant. Robert Fulton, who invented the steamboat, never went to college.

And take literature: John Bunyan was uneducated in the accepted sense of that word. If Milton went to college, Shakespeare had no other *alma mater* than the university of human nature. Robert Burns was not a "college man." Our own Washington Irving never saw the inside of any higher institution of learning. Among other writers, Lew Wallace, soldier, diplomat and author, was self-educated. John Stuart Mill, who was distinguished as a philosopher and economist, was innocent of a college training. James Whitcomb Riley, our American Burns, is not a "college man." Hugh Miller, the Scotchman, whose fame as a geologist is known to all, did not go to college.

In statesmanship, Henry Clay wrested his education from books, experience, and downright hard thinking; and we Americans still like to tell of the immortal Lincoln poring over the pages of his few and hard-won volumes before the glare of the wood-fire on the hearth, or the uncertain light of the tallow dip. Benjamin Franklin got his education in a printshop; and Grover Cleveland is not a college graduate, and, indeed, never went to college at all.

In American productive industry, the most conspicuous name, undoubtedly, is that of Andrew Carnegie; yet this great ironmaster, and master of gold as well, who has written as vigorously as he has wrought, was a Scotch immigrant. George Peabody, the philanthropist, never was inside a college as a student; he was a clerk when he was eleven years old. At least three of the most astonishing though legitimate business successes which have been made in the last decade in New York were made by men not yet forty-five years old, none

Of the Four Great Founders of Modern Journalism Only One Was a College Graduate

of whom had any other education than our common schools I am not sure, but I will hazard the guess that a majority of the great business men of Chicago never saw a college.

These illustrations occur to the mind as I write, and without special selection. Doubtless the entire space of this paper might be occupied by nothing more than the names of men who have blessed the race and become historic successes in every possible department of human industry, none of whom ever saw the inside of either college or university.

But all of these do not prove that you ought not to go to college if you can. *Certainly you ought to go to college if it is possible.* But the lives of these men do prove that no matter how hard you think the conditions are that surround you, success is yours in spite of them, *if you are willing to pay the price of success*—if you are willing to work and wait; if you are willing to be patient, keep sweet, and to maintain fresh and strong your faith in God, your fellow-men and in yourself.

The life of any one of the men whom I have mentioned is not only an inspiration but an instruction to you, who, like these men, cannot go to college. Consider, for example, how Samuel B. Raymond established the New York Times. He wrote his own editorials; he did his own reporting; he set his own type; he distributed his own papers. That was the beginning.

The Mills of Man

ONE of the most successful merchants that I know opened a little store in the midst of large and pretentious mercantile establishments. He bought his own goods; he was his own clerk; he swept and dusted his own storeroom, and polished his own show-cases. He was up at five in the morning, and he worked until twelve and one at night, and then slept on the counter. That was less than thirty years ago. To-day he is at the head of the largest department store in one of the considerable cities of this country, *and he owns his store.*

"What do you raise on these shaly hills?" I asked one time of that ideal American statesman, Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut. "Manhood," answered this splendid New Englander, and then he went on to point out the seemingly contradictory facts that a poor soil universally produces stern and upright character, solid and productive ability and dauntless courage. The very effort required to live in these ungenerous surroundings; the absolute necessity to make every blow tell, to preserve every fragment of value; the ceaseless exercise of the inventive faculty, thus making the intellect more productive by the continuous and creative use of it—all these develop those powers of mind and heart which, through all history, have distinguished the inhabitants of such countries as Switzerland and New England. "And so," said Connecticut's great Senator, "these rocky hills produce manhood."

So, what you have got to do, young man who cannot go to college, is to develop yourself with the most vigorous care. Take your reading, for example. Choose your books with an eye single to their helpfulness. Let all your reading be for the strengthening of your understanding, the increase of your knowledge. Your more fortunate competitor will probably not be doing this.

And when you read make what you read yours. Think about it. Absorb it. Make it a part of your mental being. Far more important than this, make every thought you read in books, every fact which the author furnishes you, the seed for new thoughts of your own. Remember that no fact in the universe stands by itself, but that every fact is related to every other fact. Trace out the connection of truth with truth, and you will soon confront that most amazing and important of all truths, the correlation of all force, all thought, all matter.

And thus, too, will your mind acquire a trained and systematic strength, which is the chief purpose of all the training that college and university give. For, mind you, the principal purpose of going to college is not to acquire knowledge. That is only secondary. The chief reason for a college education is the making of a trained mind and the building of a sound character.

These suggestions as to reading apply to everything else: to men, to business, to society, to life. Because you must compete with the college men, you cannot be careless with books—in the selection of books, or in the use of them. For the same reason, you cannot be indifferent with men and your relationship with them. If other men are loose and inaccurate in reading the character of their fellows, most certainly you cannot afford to be so. If the men who have battalions of friends to start with become negligent of their associations, welcoming all fish that come to their net—and frogs, too—you dare not take the risk of a dissolute companionship or any other companionship that will weaken the daily discipline of yourself, or lower you in the esteem of the people. Thus you become a careful student of human nature. And never forget that he who has mastered this, the most abstruse of sciences, has a better equipment for practical success than all the abstract learning from the days of Socrates till now could give him.

You need all your nerve. You have got to keep "clean to the bone," as Jack London expresses it. You have got to take thought of the morrow. You have got to do all those things which your employer, and all observers of you, will, consciously or unconsciously, approve; and refrain from doing anything that your employer, or his wife, or the world, or anybody who is watching you, will disapprove of, even subconsciously.

Thus your profound understanding that effectiveness is what counts will cut out every questionable habit, every association of idleness and sloth. No social club for you; that institution is for the man of dollars and of Greek. No evenings with gay parties for you; you must use those precious hours for reading, planning, sleep. You cannot dally with brilliant indirectness; you must make every man and woman understand that you are goldenly sincere, forcefully earnest, earnestly honest, high of intention, sound in purpose, direct in method. Out of all of these, you will finally achieve everything which the college is designed to give: skilled intellect, mind equipped with systematized knowledge, simple, earnest, upright character.

Let me close with two illustrations within my own personal experience. In one of the most charming inland cities of the United States, or of the world for that matter, I met, some fifteen years ago, a young man of German parentage. His father was poor. The son simply had to help support the family by his daily work. He never got nearer college than in his dreams. He knew something of printing, and was employed by a vigorous new firm at a humble salary. By processes such as I have analyzed above, he made himself the best man in technical work in the firm's employ. The next step was to demonstrate his ability as a manager and financier.

With some other sound young men of like quality, he established a building and loan association, one of those banks of the people which flourished in those days. He had no capital behind him. His acquaintance was small. Never mind, he made acquaintances among people of his own class. So did his fellow-directors. Those common people from whom this young man sprang furnished from their earnings the necessary money. The little institution was conducted with all our American dash, with all his German caution. Of course it prospered. How could it help prospering? While other building and loan associations undertook alluring but hazardous experiments, this little concern rejected them with all the calm but haughty disfavor of the most conservative old bank.

After a while people began to take notice of this little institution. Its depositors were satisfied, its customers pleased. One day the attorney of the association, also a young man, called his fellow-directors together, and resigned, upon the ground that he thought the movement of gold abroad, and other financial phenomena, indicated a panic within the next two or three years. Did this dismay the young German-American? Not much.

"This is just what I am looking for," said he. "I have been able to manage this institution in prosperous times; now if I can only have a chance to close it up so that no man loses a dollar, when big banks around me are falling, I will accomplish all I have started to accomplish."

No Time to Waste Time

SURE enough, the panic of 1893 arrived, and the young man's opportunity came. Bank after bank collapsed; old institutions whose venerable names had been their sufficient guaranty went down in a day. Many building and loan associations, taking advantage of certain provisions of the law, and of their charters, refused to pay their depositors on demand.

But not so with the model experiment of my young friend, by which he proposed to demonstrate his ability to organize, manage and support a difficult business, and properly to handle complex financial questions. He closed his institution up amid the appreciation and praise of everybody who knew about it. But in the mean time he had worked a little harder than ever for the firm that employed him. He took part in politics, too.

His acquaintance grew, at first slowly and steadily, and then with ever-increasing rapidity, as each new-made friend enthusiastically described him to others. It soon got on the tongues of the people that, even in his politics, this young man didn't drink, smoke or swear. More marvelous than all, it was said that he was even religious!—and the saying was true. During all these years, when he had no time for anything else, he also had no time to stay away from Sunday-school and church.

He had no time for "society"; not a moment for parties; not an hour for the clubs. But he did have time for one girl, and for her he did not have time enough. All this was long ago. To-day this young man is a member of the firm for which, many years past, he began as a common workman, and which has since grown to be one of the largest concerns of its kind in the entire country. Successful banks have made him a director. On all hands his judgment is sought and taken, by old and able men in business, politics and finance. And, to crown all these achievings, he has builded him a home where all the righteous joys abound, and over which presides the "girl he went to see" in the hard days of his beginnings.

I tell you again that this man did not go to college because he *could not* go to college; that he had no opportunities, no friends, few acquaintances. But he did have right principles, good health, and an understanding that every drop of his blood must be wrought into a deed, every minute of his time compounded into power.

Come, then, don't mope. Sleep eight hours. Then three hours for your meals, and a chance for your stomach to begin digesting them after you have eaten them. That makes eleven hours and leaves thirteen hours remaining. Take one of these for getting to and from your business. Then work the other twelve. What, no recreation, say you? Certainly; recreation and pleasure, too. For a young man like you, full of that boundless vigor of youth, what higher pleasure can there be than the doing of your work better than anybody else does the same kind of work?

Why One Man Failed

NOW for the other illustration. Three years ago a certain young man from New York came to a public man, the son of a friend who occupied a Government position. He was studying law. He was "quivering" with ambition. But his lungs were getting weak. Would it be possible to get him a place on some ranch for six or eight months? Yes, it was possible. An acquaintance was glad to take him. At the end of his time, he returned still "quivering" with ambition. He was going to make a lawyer, that's what he was going to make—the very best lawyer that ever mastered Blackstone. He already had a clerkship promised in a prominent law office.

Splendid, thus far. But observe the next step. In about twelve months this young man came again to the public man. Would he help to get promotion for a certain man who held a Government position paying him $150 a month? This latter man's record was admirable; he deserved promotion on his own account. But why the interest of the would-be lawyer, who was "quivering" with ambition? It developed that if the other fellow was promoted, this embryo Erskine could, with the aid of influential political friends, be appointed in his place. But why did he want this position? Well, answered the young man, it would enable him to take his law-course at one of the law-schools of the Capital and get his degree, and all that sort of thing. Also, it would enable him to live at home with mother? Yes, that was a consideration, he admitted.

But did he think that that was as good a training for his profession as the clerkship in the office in New York? And would it give him as good a chance of a business acquaintance while he was getting that training? Perhaps not; but after all he didn't get very much salary in the New York law-office. Why, how much did he get? Only twenty a week. But was not that enough to live on at a modest boarding-house; enough to get a room with bed, table, one chair and a washstand; enough to buy him the necessary clothing? Oh, yes, of course he could scratch along on it, but it was hardly what a young man of his standing and family ought to have. Oh, it didn't enable him to get out into society, was that it? Well, yes, he must admit there was something in that; Washington had social advantages, to be sure, and $150 a month, living in his own home, would enable him to have some of that life which a young man was entitled to.

That young man had the wrong notion of life. Until he changed his point of view utterly, success was absolutely impossible for him. What that young man needed was the experience of going back to New York and having to apply for a position after a position until his shoe-soles had worn out, and he had felt the pangs of hunger. He needed iron in his blood, that is what he needed.

Right before him in New York was an illustration of this. One of the most notable successes at the bar which that city or this country has witnessed in the last fifteen years has been made by a young man who had neither college education, money nor friends. He was, I am told, a stenographer in one of New York's legal establishments. But that young man had done precisely what I have been pounding at over and over again in this paper. To-day he is one among half a dozen of the most notable lawyers in the greatest city of the greatest nation in the world.

It is all in the using of what you have. Let me repeat again what I have said in a previous paper—the inscription which Mr. Lewis reports was inscribed by Doc Peets on the headboard of Jack King, whose previousness furnished "Wolfville" with its first funeral:

> JACK KING, DECEASED.
> LIFE AIN'T THE HOLDING OF A GOOD HAND,
> BUT
> THE PLAYING OF A POOR HAND WELL

And this is nothing more than our frontier statement of the Parable of the Talents. After all, it is not what we have, but what we make out of what we have, that counts in this world of work. And, what's more, that is the only thing that ought to count.

BY SOFT PERSUASION

I—A Conference of the Powers

By Miriam Michelson

Author of In the Bishop's Carriage

The Place Looked Like a Wreck When We Got Through

DO YOU know what Rhoda Massey's exposure of United Power's bribery and corruption fund did? It sobered McCabe. In a personal note to me, he congratulated me on being the "best managing editor the News—not the News' proprietor"—had ever had—telling me I'd understand the distinction before long. He said he'd be back in a day or two and that, in the mean time, I should "sit tight." I didn't know then on what!

It brought our Respected Proprietor back to town in the morning for the first time since I'd been on the News, with a copy of his own paper in his hand and a face so scared that, really, I was sorry for him.

It stirred the Press to issuing an extra before noon accusing Offield himself of having sold out to United Power, declaring that he had entered into a contract with Boss Bassett to abstain from roasting the company in the future for the sum of $40,000 a year, to be paid in the guise of advertisement in special editions.

It brought Bliss, of the Evening Mail, over to interview our poor Respected Proprietor. And Offield, wriggling in McCabe's big chair with self-consciousness and discomfort, was closeted with Bliss for half an hour, and then the newspaper man came out, red-faced and angry, leaving Offield white-faced and angry within.

Why?

That's what I asked myself when Bliss hurried off with a look at me that mystified me. What in the world could our R. P. have to say?

I found out when the Mail came out. There it was, spread over the first page: OFFIELD PUTS BLAME ON HIS NEWS EDITOR, THEODORE THOMPSON.

Oh, for all the typed bombshells, big and little, that I've let loose over unsuspecting heads in a long career black with printers' ink, I paid when I saw that lie in print! I knew then how it feels to be the woman who cares for the man in the case. And care! Oh, I cared so much that I could have better borne the whole world's reviling me than that one miserable voice should doubt him.

And here was the one thing that comforted me: There wasn't a man in the local-room—and Ted had been brought in from a rival paper, remember, and put over every head there—that believed it. Even Bowman threw down the Mail with its double-leaded story and cried out: "Oh, that's too thin!"

I gulped when I heard that and tore in two the discharge note I was writing him at that very moment, and, instead, I sent him off on the Quillinan story, the cream of the day's assignments. It was just then that Gibson, the business manager, who had happened in, sang out:

"Well, it may seem thin to you fellows, and it's decent of you to stand up for one of your own order, but if you'll watch things from now on you'll notice that Thompson's dead journalistically. There isn't a paper in the State that'll dare to hire him. . . . Oh, yes, I know all about his cleverness, but he'll have the reputation now of being altogether too clever. And there isn't a newspaper proprietor in town who, if he gave Thompson a desk, wouldn't have an uneasy doubt that he was grafting, instead of——"

"Instead of leaving the grafting to the respected proprietor himself!" I burst out, charging into the hall after him.

Gibson stared at me aghast; and his stare brought me back to my senses.

"After all," I added, "it's a proprietor's own paper to have and to sell out, to lie about and cheat and blackmail with, if he wants to be that kind of a man and own that kind of a paper. You're right, Mr. Gibson: there's only one man on a paper who's got its columns for sale; the rest of us are only free-lances who uphold the particular journalistic banner under which we happen to have enlisted, blindly ignoring the spots and blotches on it, and swearing stoutly that its black is white and its white is dazzling purity. But—all the same, there's one thing neither Mr. Offield nor any other newspaper proprietor can do, and that is to use one of his men, and a man like Ted Thompson, as a whipping-boy when his own sins are found out!"

"Bravo! Bravo!" came in a shout from the boys in the local-room, banging vigorously upon their desks. "Speech—Rhoda Massey—speech!"

Gibson looked calmly at me. "Have you seen the contract signed with Thompson's name, Miss Massey?" he asked softly.

"No, and I don't believe——"

"Oh, yes, I have," he interrupted. "I have seen it. Would you like to?"

"No—no," I gasped, when I had quieted something inside of me that seemed to be crying aloud. "You see, Mr. Gibson, a contract Ted had signed wouldn't make the least bit of difference, for, of course, he signed for Mr. Offield with Offield's knowledge and under Offield's orders."

"Mr. Offield had given the whole management of the special edition into Thompson's hands," Gibson said quietly. "There happened to be one man in the business-office who was connected with the business end of the special edition. I discharged him this morning."

"Poor fellow!" I exclaimed wrathfully. "Our R. P.'s sin must be a mighty big one, since it calls for two whipping-boys to suffer for it instead of one. Only—only Ted Thompson won't take the whipping, Mr. Gibson, I'll bet you on that!" And I turned and went back to my desk.

Haughty? Not a bit of it. I was shivering in my boots. Ted's word against Offield's! That would be how it would stand. There wasn't a working newspaper man in town who'd have hesitated for a second which one to believe, but working newspaper men don't own newspapers; it's working millionaires who do that, and the public is what they work, and newspaper men are what they work with. And Ted Thompson has to have a newspaper—it's the tools of his trade. And how—how in the world was he going to get his name clean again?

Savagely I pulled out a sheet of paper from my desk with the News letter-head at the top.

"*Mr. Charles Staniford Offield: Dear Sir*——" I wrote, and then Peter banged at my door and, throwing it unnecessarily wide open, laid two cards in front of me.

BEN BASSETT

The top one's announcement was like a challenge. It had a bulldog brevity and sternness, for all the world like the face of Boss Bassett of United Power.

Senator Archibald Leonard Newberry's card, which lay humbly beneath, hadn't half the imposing force of the top one; and yet, since his election, Newberry had been openly elected president of U. P.

I looked at those two cards; the men whose names they bore must know the truth of this business—the most serious thing in Ted's life—and mine.

"They don't want to see me, Peter," I said peevishly.

"Oh, yes, they do," he said. "When they found Mr. Offield was out they asked for the managing editor. I told 'em he was off—on a vacation. Then they asked for the fellow that comes next. I told 'em he was off on a vacation. See the difference, Miss Massey? So then I told 'em the city editor was holding the fort, and they said they must see him."

"All right, send them in," I said and went on with my letter.

Oh, I say, in the midst of all my misery, it was good to see the start those two men gave when they saw a woman city editor instead of a man! And because that start flattered me and insulted my sex, I looked up in a preoccupied way, told Peter to set chairs, and begged them to excuse me for a moment, as I had to attend to a matter of the utmost importance.

And it was important, mighty important to me. I was about to join the only club I ever belonged to—the Ex-City Editors' Club. The way you go about joining is to write a thing like this:

Mr. Charles Staniford Offield:

Dear Sir: I herewith present my resignation as city editor of the News. Kindly relieve me at your earliest convenience. RHODA MASSEY.

I rang for Peter.

"Take this yourself, Peter; don't trust it to anybody else," I said, sealing it in an envelope; "and rush it. I want an answer as soon as you can possibly get back. Understand?"

He did and was off—and he seemed, with that envelope, to take a part of me with him. But I hadn't time to think of that. I just grabbed a telegraph-blank and scrawled:

Ted Thompson, Fisherman's Point:

Come back quick, Teddy, and let's fight it out together. R.

I rang for a messenger of the other company so that Graves, our telegraph editor, mightn't know more than was good for him, and then, brushing back my hair, I turned to those two big fellows.

And they are big fellows; they hold the town and the State in the hollow of their hands. They know all the secrets of politics, all the follies of the press, all the weakness of the public. And yet they might have it all, for all of me, if they'd give me one little hint that'd clear Ted Thompson.

"My congratulations, Miss Massey," Newberry began pleasantly—he'd been watching me with an odd mixture of amusement and respect. "I didn't know the News had a lady city editor."

"Thank you, Senator, but city editors don't last long on the News, you know," I laughed, and rattled on telling him about the Ex-City Editors' Club. I didn't tell him I'd just joined.

Why not? Because any information relating to his own office must be in the hands of your R. P. before a white man has any right to speak of it. And because your boss is black is no reason for you to match him in color.

But Newberry laughed with me, and even old Bassett grinned appreciatively as I ushered them into the next room—Offield's—where we could talk undisturbed.

"We have been looking for Mr. Offield, Miss Massey," Bassett said at last, speaking with his usual deliberation—the Boss is a man of elegant leisure, if you believe the tone of his voice. "It is rather essential that I should see him, but he's not down at Burlingame. He is not at the hotel—or says he is not, and, though I have telephoned a dozen times, I can't seem to catch him here or at the club."

"Hm!" I remarked. "That being the case, just why did you come to call, Mr. Bassett?"

My—But it Hit Him Straight Between the Eyes!

The Boss looked at me sharply, but Newberry interposed suavely: "We thought—we hoped you might tell us where Mr. Offield is. It happens to be as important to him as to us that we should meet."

"There are times, Senator," I said with a smile, "when no one on the paper knows where Mr. Offield is."

"Yes, I know," Newberry agreed with a knowing smile, "times of stress, when Mr. Offield, like a certain great military commander, reposes full confidence in the officers he has left behind him. But past experience has taught us that there is always one person on the paper who knows Mr. Offield's whereabouts. Mr. McCabe knew."

"Mr. McCabe is——"

"On a vacation—yes, I know that. And so is Mr. Thompson. But it is simply incredible that at a time like this Mr. Offield should not be in touch with the office. It is almost certain that the next person in authority . . ." He stopped suggestively.

I sat there a moment cogitating. A boy or two came in with proofs, a card, some telegrams for McCabe which I tore open and sent orders to Fairbuoy about, and I had to answer the 'phone twice. But all the time I was thinking, and when I turned to him I was ready for him.

"I think, Senator," I said at last, "you'll have to take me—part way at least—into your confidence. You don't know me very well, and——"

"Oh, pardon me," he interrupted graciously, "but I have a lively memory, Miss Massey, of certain obligations up at Sacramento during the last legislative session."

"But Mr. Bassett——" I began with a smile, remembering the part the Bassett list had played in the story that landed the Senatorship at Newberry's feet.

"My dear young lady," the Boss said softly, "though I have always denied the existence of such a list as you published, and, as you know, the Senatorial investigation resulted in a vote of confidence in the accused Senators—still, all this does not preclude my being capable of admiration for a good fight well fought. I take off my hat, therefore, to Miss Massey, both as journalist and—as pugilist!"

We all laughed at that. Coming from the Boss it was meant to be excruciatingly funny. Old Bassett was immensely pleased with it himself.

"All right then," I said finally, throwing out my hands. "Now, hands on the table. I may know where Mr. Offield is and I may not. In either case, he's my Respected Proprietor, and, as it's evident he doesn't want you to know, I wouldn't tell you if I could where he is. The only thing you can do is to trust me as you would have to trust McCabe if he were here. Then I'll forward your terms to Mr. Offield, making sure, of course, there's no leak, and as for myself . . . No—you've got to take me or leave me! I'll give myself no letter of recommendation to you or anybody else. Now, this is how we stand: Treat me as you would a man who's entitled to confidence or—well, frankly, let me get out the paper. There's a lot to do."

"What a pity—what a pity you're not a man, Miss Massey!" said Bassett, rubbing his chin reflectively.

"Not at all, Bassett," interrupted Newberry gallantly. "What sort of man is it that would wish such a girl as Miss Massey not to be a woman?"

"It's awfully nice of you both," I said dryly. "But just now I'm just a temporary managing editor. What's your business with the paper, Mr. Bassett?"

That reached him—straight. Without another word of preliminary, old Bassett drew his chair up close to the desk, put his elbow on the corner of it, and giving his short, stiff hair an aggressive rub upward, he got down to business.

"I want from the News, Miss Massey, just what the Senatorial investigation gave Allen, Kinafy and those fellows up at the Legislature. I want a vote of confidence in United Power. That's what I want, and I want it to be the leader on to-morrow morning's editorial page."

"Phew!" I exclaimed thoughtfully and sat there a second looking right at him. "Of course, Mr. Bassett," I went on when I got my breath, "there's this handicap for me in talking with you—I don't know just where U. P. and the News stand. I did know when I was up in Sacramento all right and knew just how my story of the Bassett list would be received at that time. But that's some months ago. . . . Still, I do know—it was common talk at Sacramento, you remember—how much that vote of confidence up there cost United Power—I do know that that amount won't buy the editorial columns of the News."

His small twinkling, cold eyes positively warmed to me. "You're quite right, Miss Massey," he said gently. "If you'll pardon me—I know that even better than you do."

I laughed outright at that—it was such a facer.

"Oh!" I said; "I am beyond my depth, eh? . . . Well, as I understand it, you want me to tell Mr. Offield that an editorial——"

"Not *an* editorial, Miss Massey," the old fellow interrupted in a quick and positive voice, "not any editorial, but a strong, confident editorial with a backbone and an unmistakable intention not only to show belief in what it says but to take sides. In short, I want a thing that, as you've said, can't be bought; and—more, that doesn't sound as if it had been bought."

I stared at him, but admiringly. No wonder he's Boss Bassett—a man that's got the audacity to ask a thing like that!

"I'll tell Mr. Offield," I said. "I'll tell him just what you say."

"Thank you."

Both men rose, and we stood there a minute while Fairbuoy came in to get me to O. K. the pay-roll.

"There's a quality in Mr. Offield, or a lack of it," Newberry said slowly, after Fairbuoy had gone, "which makes him susceptible to the manner in which things are said to him and—and which makes him most responsive to the last argument that reaches him. . . . Eh, Miss Massey, one more confidence, if you please. This isn't for publication, but you may have it to print first when the time comes: I am going to buy a newspaper here in town. I think—I am going to buy the News. I need it, and——"

"Why," I burst out, "Offield'll never part with it! It's his dearest vanity—next to his new bank."

"I know," he smiled, "and yet I have hopes of persuading him."

I looked at him. Blackmailing a blackmailer—that's what I wanted to say. But I didn't say it; the blackmailer happened to be my boss—till Peter should come back.

He did come back just that minute, bringing me my unopened letter of resignation.

"Not in," he said with a significant look, as he went out through the next room, McCabe's.

Ugh, but the sight of that overdue letter made me cross! I had so counted on getting away. I stood there frowning till Newberry said softly:

"Well, Miss Massey?"

I looked up then. The trouble with me is that it's so hard for me to put my whole heart and soul into two different schemes at the same time.

"You've got a lot of things to attend to, haven't you?" he went on lightly. "It's unconscionable of us to take up so much of your time. Three editors in one, aren't you, to-day? You must be a valuable newspaper man, Miss Massey. When I get the News, I hope I'll have the benefit of your services, too?"

I got it then. Oh, I got it all right, though I had been a bit slow! But you see it was the first time. You hear tales of the bribes offered to reporters, but I've always said that the newspaper man whose professional honor is so often in danger is of the same breed as the woman whose self-respect is constantly threatened. In all the days, and nights, too, that I've been running around the town hunting stories, the villain-still-pursued-her has never bothered me—I was too busy, and he probably guessed as much.

"I *am* valuable, Senator," I said to him then, "not so much because I know the business from the ground up, and served my apprenticeship under a good master—if a hard one—that's Bowman. No, the journalistic woods are full of experts—it isn't that, but it's because I happen to be honest. I may serve a scrub, but, so long as he's my employer, he gets the best service that's in me. I'll give Mr. Offield your message, but I'll tell him this (and, in the absence of my superiors, I'm the nearest thing to good newspaper judgment he has to rely on, and he knows it)—I'll tell him that he'll ruin the paper if he does what you want; that it'll be a virtual confession of the truth of the Press' story, of course; and that he might have saved himself that lie about Ted Thompson if he in-inten——"

Newberry's start stopped me. Of course, I had done it! It wasn't in me to say Ted's name and talk like a managing editor; I had to let my voice quiver like a goose and the red come to my cheeks, and be filled with rage at the world while I spoke.

"Miss Massey," Newberry said, and there was actually respect in his voice this time as well as eagerness, "I really think we might get on in business together."

But I shook my head loftily and marched to the door to show them out.

Afraid of his tempting me? Not I! If the mere thought of getting in with him and fighting for Ted from behind the fort of United Power didn't do it, what more could Newberry add? He went out, but Bassett stopped just a minute and under his breath he said:

"You will say whatever you please to Offield on your own account, my dear young lady, of course, but that very clear conception of honor—which, permit me to say, I find most admirable in you—makes me confident that you will also deliver my message with this addition: United Power wants that editorial, but Mr. Offield would be more anxious even than ourselves for it if he knew what good ground we have for demanding it. Tell Offield just that."

I stared at him. Jove, that was pretty straight!

"Is it a threat, Mr. Bassett?"

He hesitated a moment. "You and I need not label it, need we, Miss Massey?" he asked finally with the utmost good nature. "What I beg of you to convey to Mr. Offield is that we hold a trump card which he had probably forgotten, or of whose existence he was unaware, when he gave that interview to the Mail this morning. . . . Good-afternoon. Thank you. My apologies for detaining you."

I stood there petrified. The elevator went down, taking them with it, and still I stood there. I seemed caught, by the magic of a little thing called duty, in a net of inaction; chained to a bewitched spot where there was nothing to do but to stand and look on while these men of power and wealth played at a game whose stakes were Ted's honor and—and my heart. I really suppose I might have been standing there yet in a daze of paralyzed emotion if I hadn't felt a light touch on my arm. Quickly I turned.

Offield! Our R. P. it was, with a finger to his white lips and a hand on the door, which he shut quickly behind us while his furtive eyes drew me inside.

And yet, when he'd got me in, he didn't seem to know what to say, but threw himself into the chair at his desk and played with an envelope lying on the blotter before him.

"Just what does Bassett say?" he asked at length.

"Is it a Threat, Mr. Bassett?"

I began at the beginning.

"Yes—yes, I heard that," he interrupted in a matter-of-course way.

"You——"

"In yonder." He nodded toward McCabe's room to the right.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Then you know the sort of editorial he wants?"

He nodded. "Would you?" he began. "You wouldn't—I heard what you said about it. You were in earnest—you think——"

"Think!" I cried.

And I waded right in then and there. I sketched the kind of roast United Power ought to get, written in the style Channell, our editorial writer, would put it. Oh, I haven't been reading those hummers of his all these years without learning something of his way of saying things, of roasting rogues and seeming to enjoy it! And I put the thing with all my soul. Something in me was crying out against myself all the time, but it only made me throw myself into the business all the harder to drown its cries. To convince him—that was my duty. To make this uncertain-eyed, hesitating scoundrel see the thing that would pull his paper and himself out of a hole; that would speak louder to the town and the State than any other thing he might do or say. And he really began to glow himself with enthusiasm as I spoke. I could see his back stiffen with every smashing thing I imagined Channell writing.

"And if you don't do it, and do it this way," I cried at the end, "you might as well run what Bassett wants, the whole of it, and just as he wants it! It won't hurt the paper a particle more than keeping still about the matter or running a water-on-both-shoulders editorial, and in the bargain you gain U. P.'s good will—if that's what you want!"

I was hoarse now from talking and from temper. I wanted to cry, to sob aloud and tear things, and instead I had to stand there and talk sense and newspaper honor to a man that knew little and cared less for either. But my last sentence caught him—Newberry had gauged him right.

"But what do I care for United Power's good will?" he asked defiantly.

I looked at him. It was like him to bluff to the last; to lack the virtue of frankness to the bitter end and even with those he would finally be compelled to trust.

"Well, of course, you know better than I," I said with a shrug, "or perhaps Bassett knows." And then I delivered the end of the old Boss' message that he had whispered to me at the door.

My—but it hit him straight between the eyes! He caved. He went to pieces. Falling back in his chair, he turned from white to red and back again. And then suddenly—all at once an idea seemed to strike him. Quickly he bent down and unlocked the lowest drawer of his desk. The drawer was full of traps—I could see that—photographs, proofs, letters, all sorts of truck. He passed all these over with hasty, trembling hands, and from under the heap he drew a typewritten sheet of paper marked and interlined here and there with red ink.

The sight of it seemed to comfort him inexpressibly. He read it over; he kept fondling it; and then he looked over the top of it and saw me watching him curiously.

"Just have Channell in, Miss Massey," he said then with an embarrassed smile, "and give him the points of that editorial just as you've given them to me." And tearing the paper twice across, he threw it into the waste-basket.

Bewildered, I rang for Channell; or, I suppose I must have, for he came in, his pencil behind his ear, his pipe in his smooth-shaven, big, humorous mouth. We talked the thing over, and Offield, quite restored, sat all the time at his desk suggesting a harder bat or a heavier smash, in the intervals of opening and reading his letters. But, really, I was hardly conscious of what was said; my mind had gone clew-hunting. What was the thing our R. P. dreaded? What was the thing that reassured him? And what good in the world would it do me to know the answer to either question, seeing that I couldn't make any more use of such knowledge than I had of Bassett's plain talk from the hills or Newberry's insinuations!

It was Offield's voice that broke in upon us finally.

"You're sure that you've got it, Mr. Channell?" he asked. (In his dealings with us our R. P. always has the idea that people who write are deficient in good sense, or lack some of the senses; we're hard of hearing, slow of understanding: at any rate, we're not acute in the way that business men are.) "Very well, then, give it to them hot—the hotter shot you pour in on them the better you'll please me."

So Channell left and Offield turned to me. He must have spoken twice before I heard him—I was so busy thinking—but I did finally get the grieved surprise in his voice and waked to find him standing before me, my own letter of resignation open in his hand.

"Why, Miss Massey——" he began.

I jumped to my feet. "Oh, yes, yes," I said, "I'd forgotten for a second about that, but it goes."

"But surely——"

"But surely," I smashed in—I was sore with suffering, but so mighty glad at last to vent some of the hurt on some one: preferably on our R. P.—"surely I don't have to work for a blackguard if I don't want to!"

(Continued on Page 10)

BABY BULLET

The Bubble of Destiny—By LLOYD OSBOURNE

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XVII

JUBILEE PARK was an immense inclosure on the outskirts of the town. The track was oval in shape, and measured a mile, the furlongs being indicated by red posts at the side. There was the usual grandstand, owners' paddocks, raised platform for the umpire, and weighing sheds. Although it was hardly yet noon, flags were flying, the wickets were letting in streams of people, booths and hucksters were doing a roaring trade, and motley thousands were already lunching on the grass. Our little party had determined to come early, first of all because they had no other place to go to; and secondly, lest, by any mishap, they might lose their right to enter Gee Whiz in the forthcoming race. They were admitted at a special gate, where a small committee with red rosettes put them through the necessary preliminaries.

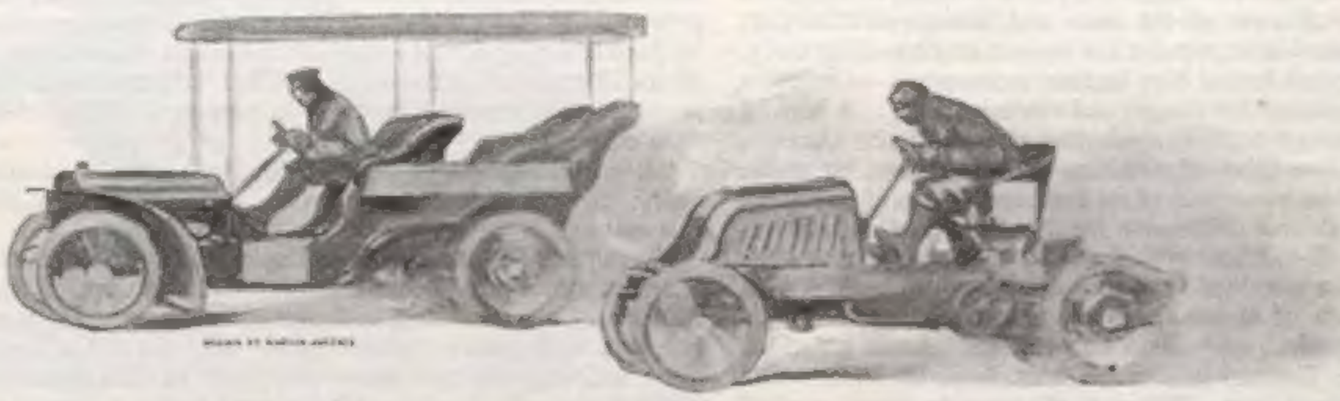
The two guineas entrance fee for Gee Whiz entitled Sutphen and Alphonse to the freedom of the inclosure. But a shilling had to be paid for each of the ladies, together with five shillings for Baby Bullet. This left them with the very respectable balance of one pound two shillings and ninepence, which was thought to justify a bun apiece by way of lunch, depleting the hoard to an even one pound two shillings.

They drew up close to the track, and, after munching their buns, the two men raised the bonnet of Gee Whiz and made a long and searching examination of the machinery. A few nuts were tightened, the plugs were taken out and cleaned, and the valve-seats were washed out with kerosene, and then Essy's interest in these careful preparations turned suddenly to alarm. At first she had regarded the race as something of a joke—an attractive and probably easy means of winning twenty guineas—a little spin around the course, and all their troubles ended! Sutphen's face, keen, grave and thoughtful, gave her the first misgiving of danger. At either end the oval track turned very sharply, and Alphonse and he debated in a low voice on how much "slew" they could dare risk.

"Well, it's just this," said Alphonse, who was all for caution, "you stake your life on the tire, and if she blows up——!"

"There's always that chance," interrupted Sutphen. "All racing is dangerous, but there isn't much difference in risk between being first or second."

Essy was very pale when the two men rejoined her and Miss Schell. On the plea of a little walk about the course, she took the opportunity earnestly to beseech Sutphen to abandon the race. He refused good-humoredly, though touched at her concern. Her pleading, her evident distress, the little break in her voice—all moved him with an inexpressible pleasure. He had to shake off the temptation to accept the rôle she was assigning to him. His



healthy, honest, American hatred of shams and affectations came to his rescue.

"You're making a mountain out of it," he said, "and are trying to have me appear far more foolhardy than I really am. Here's a Heaven-sent chance to pick up twenty guineas, but if it involves too much danger I'll let the other fellow have it."

Continuing in this strain, he soon talked Essy out of her fears. His caution, his self-reliance, his boyish frankness never showed to better advantage.

The crowd grew thicker. The grandstand filled. Members of the Malton Motor-Cycle Club, rosetted and self-important, with the cross look that always goes with amateur authority, could be seen arguing and gesticulating in the roped-off space reserved for their deliberations. The band of the Border Mounted Rifles marched in, playing—strange and happy augury—The Stars and Stripes Forever. Ten thousand people applauded the arrival of the umpire as he rose above the sea of heads and took his conspicuous station on the platform. There was another cheer as Colonel Lord Fluffby was seen to enter a flag-draped box and blandly assign seats to the considerable party that accompanied him. It was not lost on the crowd that Colonel Lord Fluffby so arranged matters that he had a very pretty woman on either side of him.

Something in the nature of stage-fright manifested itself in our little party. They could hardly conceal their embarrassment as an official elbowed his way up to them and stuck an immense paper 3 on each side of Gee Whiz's tonneau.

There were seven numbers on the card. The first was a motor-cycle race. The second a motor-tricycle race. The third was a trial between the respective winners of these two events, now to be pitted against each other, and the fourth between a dozen men of the Border Mounted Rifles *en bloc* and a similar number of men drawn from the members of the club.

Then Number Five brought Gee Whiz into action. The hearts of our little party beat high as they wished Sutphen God-speed, and watched him, from the height of Baby Bullet, forcing his way to the starting-post. Two cars rolled in against him: one an old-fashioned two-cylinder Mars, with tube ignition; and the other—horror of horrors—a splendid new six-cylinder English Dorrien, stripped for racing, with a tin seat for its driver. Car for car, Gee Whiz was easily the master of the Englishman, but the weight of its top and body—all of four hundred pounds—was a very serious handicap. Tools, spare parts and the unpacked baskets easily added another hundred. More power was offset by more weight and a greater wind resistance. The three opponents silently took one another's measure as they choo-chooed up to the line—for the start was to be from standing. There was the usual fuss and bustle, and running about of committeemen, together with a shattering series of explosions as the three engines turned over simultaneously and fired off an occasional charge of gas into their respective mufflers. The crowd, with awe-stricken countenances, waited for somebody to blow up. The starter, pistol in hand, walked from car to car, asking if each were ready. He raised his pistol. He fired. And amidst a roar from ten thousand throats the three contestants shot forward.

The Mars held its pace abreast for a dozen yards, and then fell behind. Gee Whiz and the Dorrien held on side by side, giving neither the advantage of a hair. They both had speed in reserve, for the sharp curve of the oval—sharp, at least, for a racing clip—had to be sampled before they could really dare pit their strength against each other. The event was for three miles, and the race turned on the good judgment used in taking the curves.

And Steering With One Hand was Seen to be Attempting Interior Adjustments With the Other

The Englishman, who was nearer the inner fence, took his without trouble and hardly a skid, while Sutphen, on the larger circumference, fared equally well. Both had been over-cautious, and as they opened out their homeward stretch they let out their power and gave the engines further head. Sutphen gained a couple of yards advantage, and then fell into line, the crowd's yell of exultation dying out as suddenly as it had risen. They approached the starting point again with express-train velocity, their chains purring loudly, and the English car boiling out steam from the vent of its water-tank. Sutphen widened his sideways distance and lost ground, while his opponent, with a terrific slew that turned his car half round, shot a shower of gravel into the faces of the spectators.

Sutphen grazed his wheel, dodged a collision, and suddenly shot ahead. He was now warmed up to the point when nothing seemed to matter—when the only thought was to win—at any cost, at any risk. The roar of the crowd told him that he was increasing his advantage, though how much or how little he could not say, as his own engine drowned the fierce panting of his pursuer. He advanced the spark, bending under the crushing impact of air, and wondering, as though in a dream, whether he'd ever round the curve. He threw out his clutch and took it on his brakes, careening over like a ship as he caught a momentary glimpse of tin cans and broken bottles that might a second later receive his broken and bleeding body. But the second found him instead once more on an even keel, and heading for the second stretch home. A turn of his head showed him the spiderlike chassis of the Dorrien, and a dazzling glint of sunshine reflected from its metal seat. He was conscious of an immense sense of irritation—of studied and deliberate insult—of injustice and humiliation. The fellow would not be shaken off; was even working up a couple of feet, and deluging him besides with a hot breath of steam. He advanced his spark till his engines bounded, and all to no purpose. Amid a furious uproar, the Dorrien gained on him, inch by inch. The Dorrien passed him. The sea of faces in front melted and fell back, flying from disaster.

Again there was a grinding of gravel, a slew of driving-wheels that threatened to pare the casings clean to the tube, a dizzy rise in the air, and a lightning glimpse of the Dorrien scrunching off the top rail of the fence. Then he was alone again, outward bound for the last time, hoping viciously that the Englishman was done for. How he hated the crowd that again, in a hoarse and rising bellow of delight, warned him that the Dorrien was still behind him, and pressing him hard! Sutphen set his teeth, and, crouching over his wheel, threw all remaining caution to the wind. He staked his life on luck and good workmanship. On he came like a whirlwind; again he saw the bottles and tin cans, the swift-turning fence with its solid posts, the torn-up gravel where already twice he had shaved destruction. The great car swerved in answer to the wheels; there was a sickening twist—a jar, a leap and a roasting smell of fibre as he drove down his brakes against the power. He spun violently across the track—but not over, thank God—not over! There was a vision of the Dorrien flashing in the sun twenty yards behind him—a harsh jangle of gears—a shave of the inner fence, with the mudguard doubling up like paper—and then he was free, with the open road before him, and the roar of thousands ringing in his ears. He sped down the course like an arrow, roar following roar. He snatched a desperate look behind, almost expecting to see the Dorrien's nose in his muffler, for he had mistaken the wafted heat of his own engine for the enemy. But there were thirty yards between them, and the race was already won. He slowed down, smartly rounded the last curve, and rode into victory.

The crowd surged and cheered about him. The Dorrien thundered in, and came to a standstill with a whir of brakes. Spent with the reaction, Sutphen was so nervous that it was a trial to him to guide his car through the mob that opened out a lane before him to Baby Bullet.

But what a welcome he received! Essy, Miss Schell, Alphonse—they, too, had their reaction. They all wept and laughed and disgraced themselves generally before the gaping public. They were incoherent with delight, relief, and the sense of averted tragedy. They clung to him, their hero—unashamed and triumphant, everything else forgotten in the joy that he was safe.

Sutphen took off his goggles, rubbed the dirt out of the corners of his eyes, and said:

"I guess I'll go round and collect that twenty guineas!"

XVIII

A RED-HEADED young man, with an expression of intense hostility, was seen making his way toward them. Sutphen recognized his opponent of the Dorrien car, and his heart fell a little as he apprehended something in the nature of a scene. Why couldn't the fellow take his defeat like a man? Sutphen rapidly cast back in his mind for anything he might have done that could justify so extreme an expression of anger. He felt quite guiltless, but it jarred on him as a man of the world that the Englishman, after putting up so fine a race, should lack the good nature and the sportsman's instinct to acquiesce generously in def at. So he braced himself, and waited for what apparently was about to be a very disagreeable interview.

The red-headed young man raised his leather cap.

"We've been flimflammed!" he burst out. "I thought we were racing for twenty guineas!"

"Why, of course we were," answered Sutphen, appreciating with relief that the hostility was not directed against himself.

"Well, they've had the unmitigated cheek to substitute a measly cup. Do you hear? A CUP—and that without by your leave or anything! Of course, I am out of it, and it's none of my business—but I feel just as much cheated as you are, and I hope you'll sue them for the money. When you race for twenty guineas you want twenty guineas—not a blankety-blankety CUP!"

"But it said twenty guineas on the posters!" exclaimed Sutphen. "How do you know it's a cup?"

"Because I've seen it," returned the red-headed young man explosively. "It's over there in a red plush case. Such a rotten cup, too, and engraved all over for somebody else! Blest if it isn't for a golf championship—for Larribie, the defaulting solicitor—who was to have had it presented to him before it all became public and he escaped to South America. At the last moment it occurred to Major Titcombe, who made himself responsible to the jewelers, that he could work it in here and kill two birds with one stone."

"Let's go along and have it out right now!" stormed Sutphen. "You'll stand by me, and show me that Titcombe!"

There was a stormy meeting with the committee. Sutphen saw the cup and repudiated it with indignation. The Major was sent for, and arrived gasping. He was a tall, thin man with a tallowy face. He said it had been a most unfortunate mistake—the fault of the printer—positively the fault of the printer, who had not obeyed the telephoned correction. Sutphen could clearly sue the printer, and it would serve the fellow right. Personally, Major Titcombe disclaimed all responsibility. He deeply felt the false position in which, as secretary of the Malton Motor-Cycle Club, he had been inadvertently placed. Mr. Sutphen had every right to feel ill-used, but would it not perhaps be better to bow to circumstances, and—accept the cup? It was a very handsome cup! It was a magnificent cup! The club would see that the present inscription was ground off, and Mr. Sutphen's name substituted, together with a record of his remarkable and sensational race. He, Major Titcombe, promised to give the matter his personal attention, and send it by registered parcels post to any address that Mr. Sutphen might indicate.

Sutphen's recent opponent, the red-headed young man, kept up an incessant fire of objections and insults. He loudly declaimed that the club was responsible, and appealed wildly to the crowd, to abstract justice—to the House of Lords! There was an interminable wrangle. Everybody said the same thing over and over again. The Major stood his ground without flinching, and grew a little sarcastic about a *gentleman*, with emphasis on the word, caring so much for money. A *gentleman*, said the Major, would accept a *cup!*

Sutphen, out of all patience, and seeing that anything like satisfaction was unattainable, brought the affair to a conclusion by grabbing the cup out of its case and bearing it off in his arms, leaving the red-headed young man to continue the battle single-handed.

In the beginning of the discussion, Alphonse had hurriedly come up and asked him for what money he had in his pocket. He had given it without a thought, but now, as he forced his way toward his friends, the fact occurred to him disagreeably. Alphonse had stripped him of every penny! How stupid he had been not to ask the reason for this demand on their last remaining capital.

He was in the whirl of these reflections when he was thunderstruck to see that Baby Bullet was no longer beside the big car! Where had it disappeared to? He quickened his pace, and came up running to the two ladies, both comfortably ensconsed in the tonneau of Gee Whiz. Hugging the egregious cup, he put his foot on the step and was about to open the door when he was stupefied by the apparition of Baby Bullet on the track!

If Baby had taken wings and flown skyward he could not have been more amazed. What was Baby doing on the track? Why was it teetering along, under the guiding hand of Alphonse, around that vast and empty circumference? Racing? No! There were no competitors. Besides, who in his senses would dream of pitting Baby against even a gasoline lawn-mower, let alone the humblest form of automobile? Sutphen waited for officials to rush in and protect the Malton Motor-Cycle Club from this singular and extraordinary impertinence. But nobody rushed. Baby continued unmolested on its snail-like career, whizzling and panting out of all proportion to its stately and deliberate progress.

Essy, in a state of trembling excitement, hastened to enlighten him. The two other small cars, entered for the "one-mile dash," had on the eve of it locked wheels, and so materially damaged each other that neither could run. Alphonse had jumped at the opportunity so unexpectedly presented, and had paid a guinea and got in Baby Bullet before the event could be called off. They had tried to bluff him out, but Alphonse had held his ground, and had insisted so effectually on his rights that here he was, winning the ten-guinea prize on a walk-over!

Sutphen felt a lightning pang of misgiving. A walk-over: yes, if Baby were capable of running a whole non-stop mile! But suppose Baby couldn't?

It would take a poet, a tremendous poet, a forty-cents-a-word-and-British-rights-reserved poet, to do any kind of justice to Miss Schell's ecstatic feelings. In her wildest dreams for Baby Bullet she never could have conjectured so sensational a vindication. With what complacency she watched Baby Bullet turn the half mile, and, still grandly moving, take its homeward course! How steadily and majestically it kept on the way, undeterred by the jeers of the ribald and the loud yells of "Get a horse!" Baby was taking no chances. It scorned spectacular display. It was coolly intent on earning that ten guineas—slowly, surely, and with no unnecessary strain to its complicated mechanism. Little by little it betrayed an increasing deliberation of movement. Why was Alphonse so frenziedly pulling levers and turning do-dubs on the dash? What was the meaning of that strange, low squealing that grew squealier and squealier?

Baby's pace dropped from eight miles an hour to six, and from six to three. It had passed the six-furlong post now, and port was near. Could it but continue at three the goal would be quickly reached. Alphonse's convulsions, coupled with this decline in Baby's powers, took on an ominous character—worse still, when Alphonse jumped out, and, steering with one hand, was seen to be attempting interior adjustments with the other. The crowd burst into a huge roar of delight. Tears streamed down Miss Schell's face. Essy and Sutphen held their

That Adorable Surrender, Intoxicating, Rapturous, Humbling

breath, and dared not look at each other. But Baby picked up a little, and with a loud squeal came near running away altogether from Alphonse, who, after some abortive efforts, successfully hopped in and again took command. There were a few hectic moments of ten miles an hour, Baby advancing in little leaps like a frolicsome dog playing with a ball. The winning line was scarcely fifteen yards distant, and could it but keep it up the race was gained. But of a sudden, with a weird and agonizing guzzle—no other word can describe that strange and forbidding sound—Baby slowed down to a crawl and threatened to come to a standstill. Alphonse played his last card He threw in the low-gear clutch. The little car staggered —then picked up. It rumbled and shook, the incessant squealing half-drowned in the reverberation of its colicky engine. It licked up yard after yard. The fifteen had become ten, the ten five—and it was still perceptibly moving. The committee had to resist a humane impulse to throw themselves upon it, and drag it in. Not to do so was like refusing a rope to a perishing man. And Baby's extremity was no less patent to all. Its driving-wheels scarcely turned; the squealing died down to a moan; and then—two feet from victory, it came to a full, final and complete stop.

It was well for our little party that they had no time to mourn. A blow is easier to bear when it brings with it the need for instant action. Baby had overheated and its transmission was stuck so hard and tight that it was impossible to budge it an inch till the driving-chain had been removed. Even then, so dire had been the interior damage, it pulled more like a farmer's sled than a thing on four wheels. Sutphen hinted at deserting it altogether, and left it open to Miss Schell to make the suggestion—but Miss Schell, true even in that desolating moment to the Despardoux, offered a countenance of such appeal and misery that there was nothing for it but to resume the tow

As they hastened away from that scene of humiliation, a discovery was made that seemed the concluding disaster of that whole disastrous day. Alphonse could not find the shilling! Though he searched his pockets forty times—though he rose and wiggled and shook himself—though the others shook him and rattled him too, the shilling had absolutely and unequivocally disappeared: pliers wire, copper terminals, cuttings from technical journals, pocket-comb, soap, two picture post-cards, ampere-meter, split washers, needle and spool of thread—but no shilling! His despair was so pitiable that no one had the heart to reproach him. They gazed at one another in silent consternation. They were penniless!

They rode disconsolately through the streets, eager to escape and hide in the open country beyond. They were too weary to engage in the explanations that might have earned them the charity of the Maltonians. They lacked the courage to undergo the ordeal. No doubt some friendly hotel might have taken them in pawn, but it seemed too exhausting a matter to search for it through a gauntlet of rebuffs, impertinence and insulting questions. Nature, that gives nothing, but asks nothing, appeared infinitely the preferable. They had reached the pitch when it was easier to endure than to fight.

Three golden balls, a shabby hook-nosed figure in a doorway, a shuttered shop——! Sutphen, on the spur of the moment, drew up beside the curb, descended, and seizing the silver cup in his arms fled back without a word Yes, Mr. Abrahams was always ready to do peeziness A small advance on a piece of plate? Ting, ting—real silver—come inside, and let us see it! Sutphen followed the Jew into the dark recesses of the shop. The old man turned up the gas, examined the cup carefully, weighing it in his hand and looking for the hall-mark. Then he read the inscription, and his eyebrows rose with suspicion.

"Hem, a golf trophy," he said, gazing queerly at Sutphen's leather cap and goggles.

"Yes, I won it just now in a motor-race," exclaimed Sutphen innocently.

The old man again raised the cup carefully, dusted it, put it back securely on a shelf, and in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone remarked: "I tink you'd better go before I send for the police!"

"I want five pounds on it," said Sutphen, who hardly appreciated the situation.

"You're most likely to get five months hard," observed the pawnbroker grimly. "Get out of here, you teef!" And with that he began to scream "Iky, Iky!" at the top of his voice.

There was a struggle for the cup, the old man yelling louder than ever, and resisting tooth and nail as Sutphen tore it out of his grasp. Iky came running in, and made a dive for the door to lock it. He staggered with a blow under the ear. Sutphen fought past him, and with the pair vociferating in his wake, ran out, jumped into Gee Whiz and started off. There were loud cries of "Stop thief, stop thief!" The streets filled as though by magic, and a hundred voices and two hundred legs took up the pursuit. Sutphen increased his speed, dodging a policeman who raised his hand, and scattering the new crowds that tried to bar his way. A cohort of bicyclists swarmed about him, spreading the hue and cry, and refusing to be shaken off. Cabs, carriages, meat, vegetable and ice-cream wagons joined them in a pellmell rush. Collisions were avoided by a hair; a hay wagon tried to barricade the street, but Sutphen took the sidewalk with a bump and a crash, and flew gloriously past it. One of the bicyclists drew a knife and tried to stab at the tires, but Alphonse, seizing an opportunity, batted him over the head with his clenched fist. The streets swiftly gave way to wide suburban roads, bordered with handsome houses set in gardens. Sutphen threw in his third speed. The horse and foot

They All Wept and Laughed and Disgraced Themselves Generally Before the Gaping Public

dropped behind, unable to keep pace with him Even the panting bicyclists began to lag

At this moment, when the day seemed won and fields and pastures opened out before them, a malign fate disgorged from a lane on their right flank two complete squadrons of the Border Mounted Rifles! The military took in the situation at a glance, and with a sharp wheel bugled out the signal to charge!

XIX

IT WAS one thing to fly from the police, and quite another to affront the armed strength of Britain! It was a paralyzing sensation to look behind and see those serried ranks, those foam-flecked horses, that jingling and terrific mass thundering after them two hundred strong Suppose they unslung those long rifles and opened fire! Suppose, in their maddened impetuosity, the soldiers should sabre them in their seats? There rose faint, feminine screams for surrender. But Sutphen would not hear them. He threw in his fourth speed, advanced the spark, and gave Gee Whiz the open throttle.

Oh, accursed Despardoux! Oh, little car of infamy and misfortune! Why dost thou drag so heavily, robbing thy fleet brother of a full twenty miles an hour? Fourth speed and all, the pursuit was distinctly gaining. Foot by foot the straining horses were overtaking them, spurred to a supreme endeavor by their frantic riders. The squadrons had lost all formation, trailing out for nearly a mile; but in the van a compact body of forty or more held to the trail with the pertinacity of wolves. The pounding of hoofs, the clatter and bang of accoutrements, the hoarse cries—all raised a volume of sound that every instant grew more appalling. But so tremendous a spurt could not be kept up for long. Could only Gee Whiz maintain the lead for ten minutes, steel would indubitably triumph over horseflesh. Steel, however, hampered by Baby Bullet, and with a hill looming close in front, was in a truly desperate plight. If Gee Whiz were losing on the level, what chance had the great car against a grade?

Sutphen hurriedly gave directions to Essy. She, in pantomime, telegraphed them on to Alphonse, who, with Miss Schell, was cowering in Baby Bullet. A shout went up from the foremost horsemen as the significance of the signal was borne in on them; and one young officer, magnificently mounted, broke line and dashed ahead of his companions, in the hope of personally thwarting the design Never was anything more smartly managed. Gee Whiz came to an abrupt stop; Miss Schell made a headlong rush into its tonneau, as Alphonse, deftly cutting the tow-rope, sprang after her—contenting himself with a precarious foothold on the step It seemed as though they could almost hear the swish of sabres above their heads, as Sutphen threw in his clutch, and, with the full value of his mighty engine, sped forward with the velocity of an express. Hill and all there was not a horse in England that could overtake the powerful car now that it was divorced from Baby. It flew up the grade at thirty miles an hour, stopping serenely at the top for a look back

Below them, in a confused sea of uniforms, was poor Baby Bullet, standing desolate and pitiful. An officer tooted its little horn, and the sound rose like a wail of anguish and despair. It was with the feeling of deserting a faithful comrade that our little party gazed back at that pathetic scene. Baby's shortcomings were forgotten. In its puny fashion it had served them long and well. It had never chewed up its ball-bearings, nor broken a single knuckle of its steering-gear. What can any one do more than its best? Baby's makers had committed it to mechanical impossibilities, for which it was in no sense responsible. And here it was, thrown to the wolves, its last act a sacrifice for others! They waved their hands to it in farewell. It was a sad, sad moment. Miss Schell snuffled audibly, refusing to be comforted. She broke down utterly as the captive was harnessed up to two led horses, and its little head turned toward Malton.

Baby's loss took on a more practical aspect when a few hours later they decided to make their camp. Not only was its chunky little form lacking for the laager, but the scanty wardrobe of the two ladies had disappeared in those storm-beaten baskets that had fallen a prey to the military. It was the most melancholy camp of the three. Supper consisted of some plain boiled water. Hardships had begun in earnest. Hunger gnawed. There was not even tobacco. The only thing that seemed left to them was the moon!

Sutphen and Essy took a forlorn little walk along the road. The former carried a rug in the faint hope of being able to barter it at some farmhouse for food. But no such friendly haven appeared—nothing but an unending hedge on either side, and a few lights twinkling miles away on the slopes of the hills. At length, tired and disheartened, they seated themselves on a grassy bank, and resigned all hopes of supper.

"Do you know the difference between poverty and destitution?" asked Sutphen cheerlessly.

"I thought they were the same thing."

"Oh, no—poverty means that you haven't enough—destitution that you haven't anything. Yesterday was poverty; to-night is destitution!"

"You don't know what a comfort it is to learn the distinction. That's the benefit of associating with a college man, I suppose. I feel better already!"

"It's the only thing I remember of a three months' course in Social Science—that, and the fact that the submerged tenth always keep their coal in the bath-tub."

They both laughed dreamily.

"How different it will all be to-morrow," said Essy

"Oh, to-morrow!" exclaimed Sutphen. "It's too tormenting even to think of to-morrow. We shall be rolling in luxury, and ordering about head waiters."

"Think of those poor people who haven't any to-morrow!"

Sutphen refused to see the pathos of those abstract phantoms.

(Continued on Page 18)

KIDNAPED BY BETTINA

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

Author of The Misdemeanors of Nancy

"Went Through Your Clothes and Found Some Cards"

III

FOR a moment the brother and sister looked at each other silently. Bettina was the first to find her voice, and she used it for a futile purpose

"Why, of course it's Mr Watson," she protested feebly

"Do you suppose I don't know Watson?"

"B-but he met me at the ferry."

Amazement gave way to anger in Tom's face

"Did the fellow come up and tell you he was Watson?" His fist closed suggestively

A wave of memory swept through the girl's bewildered brain.

"Well—n-no," she stammered, reddening. "He was just standing there, but he was waiting for somebody, and he had a carnation in his buttonhole, and ——"

A faint glint of humor appeared in the man's angry face, but was promptly snuffed out by fresh resentment

"You spoke to him and he was cad enough to take advantage of your mistake, I suppose."

She was struggling in the grip of an overwhelming embarrassment, but she was honest.

"Well, you see, he didn't have much chance. It was time for the train-boat and I couldn't wait for formalities, and so I just took his arm and told him to run—and he ran

The glint of humor reappeared, spread, died hard this time

"Oh'"

Betty resented the tone, but when she lifted her eyes from the rug and looked suspiciously at her brother's face it was appropriately sober

"Didn't he say anything about the mistake on the boat?"

"No—no. He didn't say anything at all except 'yes' and 'no' I talked all the time, and there was such a crowd right around us and——"

"And nothing came up to rouse a suspicion, all the way out here?"

She shook her head

"You see, we met some people from here in the waiting-room, and I introduced him to them, and they sat with us, and ——

The glint of humor asserted itself once more, persisted, spread into a slow, broad grin; but Betty's eyes were on the rug

"He did start to say something to me just as we went into the waiting-room, but then Edith and the rest turned up And just before we got to Larchdale, Edith and Charlie went away—and he said he had a confession to make—but then the train ran into us—and ——"

She looked up and saw Tom's grin.

"You think it's funny!" she continued, her eyes smarting with angry tears. "If my sister had been insulted I wouldn't look at it that way; but, of course, ideas differ."

Tom tried to suppress his smile

"But you were just now apologizing for the fellow, Betty."

"Apologizing for him!" she flashed, with feminine unreason "Nobody could apologize for him! He's a hateful wretch' No man with a single spark of decency in him would have done such a thing."

The masculine propensity for condoning the failings of fellow man came to the front Oh, come now, Betty. It isn't so bad as that. Of course, he oughtn't to have let things slide, but when a pretty girl tells a fellow to run—with her—why, if he has the spirit of a mouse, he runs!"

She was too angry to speak

"And he didn't have a chance after the first shock, you say?" Tom went on soothingly.

Then his sense of humor got the better of his discretion altogether, and he gave vent to a subdued chuckle

"By Jove, it's kidnaping, Betty—nothing short of kidnaping! If he chooses to prosecute, you'll——"

He relented at the sight of two large tears trickling down her hot, flushed cheeks. Betty seldom cried. Even now she was crying only from sheer rage and exasperation.

"What in the world will people think?"

Tom grew serious.

"Nobody need know"

"But I introduced him as Mr. Watson."

"We'll simply tell them they misunderstood. Bluff hard enough about a thing of that kind and the bluff always goes. I'll find out this fellow's real name, and adopt him as a long-lost college chum—then I'll sidetrack the real Watson when he turns up—and there you are!"

She looked slightly relieved, but still doubtful and distinctly bad-tempered.

"And we'll have to have the horrid thing here in the house

The man's good-natured face hardened into stern disapproval

"See here, Betty, the fellow's sick—dying, perhaps. I'd cut that sort of thing out if I were you. He's paying dear for a few minutes of foolishness, and, when the Lord puts His hands on a man, it's up to us to take ours off. Of course, it's embarrassing all around, but nobody outside need know, and we'll just have to settle down and pull him through—after all, it'll be harder on him, any way it comes out, than on anybody else. He isn't in an enviable position—and he looks like a gentleman."

"Gentleman!"

Bettina's chin was in the air

Tom opened the sick-room door.

"He oughtn't to be alone. Is there anything to be done for him?"

She explained.

"Didn't you bring a nurse?" she added reproachfully

"Couldn't find one in a hurry. They promised to send one out to-morrow"

Tom went into the room and shut the door, and as his sister went down the hall she met Doctor Dawson, accompanied by a tall man with a weary, distinguished face

"Oh, Bettina, this is Doctor Remington—Miss Morton, Doctor. Everything quiet?"

"Yes. Tom's there."

"That's good. Nurse with him?"

"No, we can't get one till to-morrow."

"Tut-tut—too bad. Well, we'll get along. Tom will have to help us. Run along and cheer Mrs. Morton up. She looks as if she had lost all her friends and relatives"

They passed on into the sick-room, where Morton hastily and with a guilty air hung the coat of the patient upon the hook from which he had taken it, and came forward to greet the surgeons, slipping a wallet and a little square of white cardboard into his pocket as he crossed the room

"Bad business, this," he said gravely, after the first words of greeting

Doctor Remington was already handling the bandages, but the other doctor nodded

"Pretty bad."

"What do you think of Peyton's chances?"

The doctor looked surprised

"Watson, you mean?"

Mr. Morton elevated his eyebrows

"Why no; Peyton—my friend here."

Bless my soul! Bettina surely said Watson."

Oh no, you didn't understand her! This is my old friend Willoughby Peyton. You must pull him through, Doctor

When Tom returned from driving Doctor Remington to the eleven o'clock train, his sister and wife came out of the latter's room to meet him

"They say he has a fighting chance now," Morton announced, in answer to the question in their eyes. "Dawson's going to stay all night with me, so go to bed. You can't do anything. Sorry I laughed, Bettina. It'll be all right. You'd better let me explain to Molly."

Bettina Morton lay awake longer than usual that night Over and over she reviewed the comedy—with its tragic ending—no; the ending had not yet been reached: the final curtain might be tragic indeed. Hurt pride, wounded dignity, mortification, anger seethed in her soul; but once or twice she smiled in the darkness.

No one with a sense of humor could deny that the episode had its amusing features. Of course one could not but detest the man. His conduct had been inexcusable, absolutely inexcusable—but common-sense whispered that, looked at from a vantage-point of future years, the whole thing might seem more funny than serious—unless—no; he would surely get well. She wouldn't admit the possibility of the man's dying

And then, quite unexpectedly, there flitted through her mind the thought that it would have been nice if the creature had been Mr. Watson. A convalescent with such eyes and such a voice might have been—but, as it was, of course she hated him. He hadn't the faintest instincts of a gentleman

Doctor Dawson was at breakfast the next morning when Bettina came in, her hands full of pink and white and purple hyacinths, her shining hair wind-tossed, her face glowing. He looked up appreciatively.

Something Stirred Her Like a Call

"No use asking whether *you* slept," he said. "Had your breakfast?"

"An hour ago"

"Really? Why so matinal?"

"It's a sin to sleep, these spring mornings, when all the world's lilting."

She didn't mention that she had been too anxious for news of the man who was not Watson, and she didn't ask the questions that the doctor might naturally have expected, but, apparently, he did not notice the omission

"Well, Peyton's getting along as well as we could expect," he said between mouthfuls

She started.

"Funny thing," the doctor went on. "I could have sworn you said the man's name was Watson."

Bettina entered a quick protest

"Oh, no; I couldn't have done that."

"I suppose not, though people do make such slips sometimes when they are excited. Well, anyway, his name doesn't affect his head or his leg. The leg will come along all right, but it will be some time before we can call that head out of the woods. Too bad for you folks to be saddled with such an illness. Tom and I took turns sleeping last night, but I suppose the nurse will turn up to-day. Then you and she can handle things. I'll be in and out often, and Tom will come out early every afternoon. Of course, Mrs. Morton doesn't count. She will be a joy to the invalid when he's convalescent, but she isn't of the stuff of which sick nurses are made."

Bettina was absorbed in putting her hyacinths into various brass and pottery bowls, and even the old doctor felt the charm of her as he eyed her across his coffee-cup. She was so freshly, graciously feminine, and yet so vigorously alert. There was coquetry in every fold of the white morning frock, in the dainty slippers peeping out from under the short skirt, in the effectively careless sweep of waving hair across the low brow—and yet there was a direct frankness in the clear brown eyes, a decision in the clean-cut features, a buoyant strength in the lithe figure, that set the girl apart from all languorous and helpless woman things

The doctor viewed her with evident satisfaction. He had assisted at her entrance into the world and had always felt that the world in general was indebted to him for the service.

"Do you know, Bettina," he said, "there was a mighty nice boy spoiled in you?"

She smiled at him across the huge bowl of hyacinths she was carrying to the tea-table, and he added quickly:

"And yet petticoats seem to suit you particularly well, too, and it'd be a pity to crop that mane. No; on the whole, you'll do very well as a girl—and a wife for some good fellow. This Peyton looks like a good sort. Has he any money?"

The abrupt change in subject was bridged over by a thought unspoken but as intelligible to the girl as to the doctor.

She stiffened as she rose from setting the flowers upon the low table.

"I don't know anything about him and I'm not interested in knowing anything," she answered loftily—and the doctor whistled as he watched her back vanishing through the door.

"Whew!" he muttered, with a twinkle in his eyes "She isn't usually so touchy. The chap must have made some running before he got smashed up."

The morning trains came and went, but brought no nurse, and vigorous use of the telephone produced no results beyond a promise of a nurse on the morrow. At noon Tom Morton came into the library where his sister sat tucked up on a window-seat with a volume of poetry open on her knee, but with eyes gazing idly at the cloud of pink and white apple blossom outside the window.

"Think of trying to capture it with the alphabet!" she said, looking at him for a fleeting second, then going back to the May world.

The man looked down at her, ignoring the invitation to poetry

"Bettina, I've got to go to town."

She whirled around suddenly.

"There are things at the office," he went on, "that have to be attended to and that nobody can do except me—and Stevens is on from San Francisco to wind up a business deal with me. I hoped the nurse would be here before I left, but she isn't and you'll have to take charge of things. Now, don't be an idiot, Betty."

His tone was masterful, for there was consternation and mutiny in her face.

"Tom, I can't."

"You'll have to. He won't know you—doesn't know anybody. I'm sorry to leave the thing to you, but I've got to go, and Dawson said he'd be here every hour or two There's nothing to do but give him medicine and watch his temperature, but it wouldn't be right to trust one of the servants. You could telephone for the doctor any minute. He left word just where he'd be when he isn't here. Come along. I'll show you about things."

She followed him meekly. When Tom said a thing was to be done, it was done. He seldom asserted himself, but he was master in his house, and even his much-indulged sister recognized the fact. An hour later she was sitting once more in the quiet south room, but not close beside the bed as she had sat the night before.

She had moved a low wicker chair across the room to the window which was shaded by Venetian blinds, but wide

"No Use Asking Whether You Slept," He Said

open. Flickering rays of sunlight and gleams of blue sky came through. Below the window she could see a drift of fruit blossom, and gusts of perfume were borne in to her on the soft, sun's-warmed air, to mix with the odor of drugs and disinfectants that was an insistent reminder of the still form under the bedclothes and of the bandaged head ghastly against the white pillow.

There was no medicine to be given for another half-hour, and the girl closed her eyes, leaned close to the open window, and tried to forget the indoor hideousness in the out-of-door beauty; but the spell of the springtime was broken, and the dreams that had drifted through her brain down on the library window-sill refused to come at her bidding. If one stole out of the heart of the spring to her, it lingered but an instant. The faintest stir in the bed, a whiff of iodoform, and the delicate thing was gone, leaving the would-be dreamer alone with grimmer companions, with thoughts of suffering, disease and death, with sickening realization of the pain and sorrow throughout the sunlit spring world. It was horrible that men must suffer and be unhappy and die when the fruit trees were abloom and the world was so young and care-free and blithe.

Doctor Dawson came and went, the afternoon hours dragged slowly by, and the girl in the white frock sat by the window with shadows in her eyes and with folded hands, save when she crossed noiselessly to the bedside to carry out the doctor's orders. Gradually the air that came in through the open window lost its warmth and the flickering sunshine ceased playing pranks upon the floor of the sick-room, but the blossom scents came up more insistently, more heavily. Bettina's eyes were shut, her head leaned listlessly against the cushioned chair. Tom would come soon and she would go off over the hills in the sunset and forget all the disagreeable things if she could To-morrow—well, to-morrow the nurse would arrive

Something stirred her like a call. She opened her eyes quickly, sat up straight in her chair, intent, listening There was no sound, but as her eyes traveled to the bed they met the gaze of other eyes—wondering, puzzled eyes with an incredulous gladness in them, and she caught her breath sharply.

The patient was conscious, sane, though his sick brain was struggling vainly to remember, to understand. Only the gladness was positive, a live thing in the eyes that looked preternaturally big and dark and uncanny in the white face

Peyton did not move. He only looked; but the look brought the girl to her feet, embarrassed, hesitating, uncertain. The woman in her made her forget the man's offense and think only of his weakness, his need

She crossed the room softly and leaned over him. His eyes still held hers. The glad incredulity grew to something approaching awe. He did not quite believe in her or in his surroundings, and she saw it in his face.

"You have been hurt," she said in low, quiet tones. "You mustn't try to talk Everything will be all right"

He listened, the puzzled frown between his brows deepening. Then, suddenly, it gave way to the gladness. He did not understand—but she was there! He was too tired to think, but he smiled, and his eyes closed as Tom entered the room and came to his sister's side. She shook her head in warning, but Peyton lay quite still. The flicker of consciousness had lasted only for the moment, but the smile of content lingered on his lips.

"Poor chap," whispered Tom. "Poor old chap! Looks like a boy, doesn't he? The nurse is downstairs, Bettina Run down and arrange about things for her"

The girl slipped out of the room, a great relief in her face, but as she closed the door she sent a last glance toward the sick man. He was still smiling, boyishly, and, for some reason, Bettina blushed

IV

MISS KIRBY was a capable nurse, but she was not beautiful. On the contrary, she was plain—to the point of elaboration

Bettina and Molly sighed that so delectable a uniform should be wasted upon a woman incapable of doing it justice; Tom promptly dubbed the homey, muscular woman the houri; but Doctor Dawson, coming from his first interview with his new aide, was enthusiastic.

"Splendid woman—horse sense, strength and good training. Ugly? Lord, yes, but this is no beauty-show. That woman will pull the lad through."

Within a few days the entire household came around to the doctor's opinion. Outside of the sick-room the nurse was quiet, tactful, self-effacing. In the sick-room she was a marvel of efficiency. When she rested, Hannah was left by the bedside with orders to call her if any need arose. She took her regular exercise on the terrace, within sight of the south room windows. She was vigilant, alert, untiring, serene, and, to Bettina's intense relief, she firmly declined all assistance from that young woman

"The fewer the persons who enter a sick-room, the better," she said with the smile that was her one beauty and that robbed her curtness of all offense.

So doctor and nurse fought the battle with Hannah as humble auxiliary; and Peyton, raving in his fever, talked of fox hounds and German baths and brown eyes and other miscellanies. There was much incoherent talk, too, about some confession that must be made, and occasionally he pleaded with Miss Kirby to try to understand and to forgive him.

"Something worrying him before the smash-up," commented the doctor after hearing one of the impassioned pleas. "Woman, of course. Set any man, from Jimmy Peters down at the stables to the Archbishop of Canterbury, talking in delirium, and it's dollars to doughnuts he'll rave about some woman. If it isn't his own wife or sweetheart it's somebody else's wife or sweetheart. This woman had brown eyes at any rate. He's very particular about that, isn't he? It might be a good thing to have her here—

Continued on Page 31

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ At times the big stick is a penholder.

¶ Not all money is as bad as it's tainted.

¶ An easy youth generally means a hard old age.

¶ Much of the best fiction nowadays appears in the form of reminiscences.

¶ An American always expects to find his blessings among the extras at the foot of the bill.

¶ Parents who take little interest in the early education of their children always blame the schools.

¶ In these times we hear little about the blessings of poverty. Like the dodo, they are extinct.

¶ Love used to sit in bay-windows and write twenty-page letters; now it travels and sends post-cards.

¶ The main trouble with the man who announces a new theology is that he forgets his quotation marks.

¶ The first great lesson is obedience; the second great lesson is to keep obedience from becoming slavery.

¶ A man who argues a question of honesty with himself is not skating on thin ice—he is already overboard.

¶ With the stork looking after his nest and the dove of peace admiring his bald head, the American eagle is indeed a bird!

Fat Men and Automobiles

AN INTERESTING companion puzzle to that of the red-haired woman and the white horse is the conjunction of the fat man and the automobile. If you will note the occupants of every automobile in any day, and will keep a record of the total number of persons and the total number of over-weights, you will be astonished by the result. Are people of big bulk also above the average of prosperity and so able to enjoy the newest and most fascinating of luxuries? Or does the habit of coursing about in the automobile superinduce the fat-assimilation which ends in ponderous preponderance of adipose?

Does getting fat improve one's chances of owning an auto and having the leisure to use it? Does owning an auto improve one's chances of getting fat?

Fools by Choice

OUR fashionable societies, both at home and abroad, have been disporting themselves in all their luxurious and idle splendor, after the usual summer custom. And our social philosophers and our want-to-be-but-can'ts have been industriously making moan. It is sad to see so many people who might be useful and sensible looking back to the follies of the more barbarian periods of human history But the importance of the phenomenon can be exaggerated.

In the first place, no one is compelled to make an ass or a nothing of himself unless he chooses to do so. So none of us that does not care to be fashionable and exclusive need be. The simple life is still lawful. Again, no one is compelled to associate or to try to associate with frivolous people. One's visiting-list can easily be limited to those of whom one approves and those willing to associate with one. Finally, there is food in everything; the frivolous and fashionable and exclusive can serve us sensible folk as an awful example and an awful warning, to keep us ever reminded of the superiority of the intelligent way of living.

Let us pity the poor creatures—but not superciliously. And let us mind his or her own business to show that we are sincere in our love of the sensible

It is the spectators that are responsible for the show.

The Great American Novel

NONE can say what the "great American novel" of our era will be; but we can be pretty certain what it will not be. For example, it will not deal with our "leisure class." That class in America is highly unimportant where it is not purely imaginary. A capable student of life could not take seriously the poses of a small group of persons trying to delude themselves with the belief that America is England; and to satirize that group would hardly be worth while.

Again, the novel of the epoch will hardly deal with the leisure moments of our busy people for their doings then are either without special significance or are explicable only in the light of what they do in their real lives as working-men and working-women

The novel is a picture of the actions of men and women in a given environment. As the American environment is just as much work as the Middle Ages environment was war and diplomacy, the novel about us of to-day must be a novel of working-people, a study of the effect of democracy upon the elemental passions of men and women.

If our novelists can't see or can't express its romance and its splendor, so much the worse for them.

Sound and Sense

HENRY JAMES finds his countrymen deplorably slovenly in speech. But has he had any difficulty in getting at what they meant by those slovenly articulations?

The prime use of speech is to facilitate communication. Unless it serves that purpose, it is not only worthless but downright absurd. Pronunciation, construction, taste—all these are important. But they come afterward. First, let us learn to know what we want to say and to be able to say it so that those we address will grasp our meaning.

Now, this being the obvious truth, what should be said of a man who attached so much importance to words as sounds, to phrases as beauties, that he wholly neglected to convey to his hearers, or even his readers, whatever on earth he was talking about?

Homeopathic Truths

OUR investigators, public and private, are hard at work, East and West, and the public is waiting. Some of these probers of political and financial rottenness seem to be bent on the truth; but many of them, far too many, suggest that they have in seriousness Mark Twain's jesting attitude toward the truth—that it is a dangerous thing for the ordinary mind, and should be administered in homeopathic doses, with large alloy of sugar.

It may be that the public will resign itself and consent to have a seeming of "confidence" restored. But certain it is that a full and complete uncovering of the poison spots must come sooner or later.

And the longer it is put off, and the longer rascally "respectabilities" are encouraged to believe that all the people can be fooled all the time, the more uncomfortable will be the ultimate reckoning.

The day of the open and honest administration of large affairs, public and private, has got to come in this country; for the education of the people in these large affairs is going swiftly forward.

Equality in Crime

WITH the very worst crimes being committed by men from among our "most eminently respectable citizens," why is it that justice is so gentle and generous with them? Not for lack of moral sentiment; not for lack of judges and juries; certainly not for lack of laws. No, the real basic reason is the lack of a deep and sincere belief in the great American, democratic principle of Equality

Our law officers, all those in whose hands is the machinery of justice come necessarily from the educated portion of the community And our education is tainted with snobbishness. It puts into judges, lawyers, prosecutors jurors even into the largest part of the intelligently articulate and effective public a subtle feeling that a thief is not a thief, at least not quite so much a thief if he happens to be an educated man and if his crimes are of great magnitude.

This is all wrong and rotten, and preposterously silly to boot. And if the educated classes of the community do not return to plain common-sense and to a recognition of the truths of natural justice, it will lead the country into grave complications. The plain people are looking sharply at the highly educated "class," especially at that portion of it that has the law as a profession.

Trouble Begins at Home

WHATEVER may be our feelings about strikes and labor troubles at home, all of us, capitalist as well as laborer, can join in welcoming the news of the steadily increasing unrest of labor in China and Japan—this despite laws in both countries that make it a crime for laborers to try to better their condition in the Occidental ways Oriental laborers struggling for higher pay means the end of that "Yellow Peril" wherewith our militant statesmen and makers of war-goods are haunted. For the "Yellow Peril" consists of floods of manufactures from factories manned by "dirt-cheap" labor.

When the Orient opened its gates to Western civilization, it did not and could not open gates admitting only the upper classes. The Western world's higher standards of comfort have reached peasant as well as proprietor and prince. Our Japanese and Chinese friends will presently have at home troubles with their vast "proletariat" that will give them little respite for the search for foreign glory

War on the Fly

THERE are two flies—close relatives in the far-famed tsetse family –that make South Africa for the most part uncivilized and all but uninhabitable. The one destroys domestic animals of all kinds; the other gives men the "sleeping sickness" which ends in death. We have no parasites so sensational as these; but we have the mosquito and the common house-fly, both bearers and breeders of divers diseases, and at certain times spreaders of plague and pestilence.

We are making some effort against the mosquito, practically none against the fly. Yet there is nothing that could so well engage the thoughts of our men of science as the ridding of town and country, bedroom, dining-room, kitchen and park and wood and otherwise pleasant stream, of these nuisances that on the slightest provocation become murderous.

Dividends *vs.* Progress

ABOUT the gravest offense of some men who have got possession of our most important lines of industry is their active hostility to invention. They eagerly welcome any new machine that tends to cheapen the cost of labor power, because all such machines under the present system of artificially sustained prices increase the amount monopolists can appropriate. But just the reverse is their attitude toward the equally valuable inventions which would serve the public only.

If the invention can be adopted without impairing the power of the monopolists, they may, perhaps, with much hesitation and reluctance, adopt it. But if it would make junk of existing machinery, without increasing dividends, then, no matter how valuable it is to progress, it is either bought and hidden away or is fought until its inventor is discouraged.

There are literally thousands of these stifled inventions. There are scores of them locked away in the attics of many of our big monopolies. And natural enough it is. These captains of industry are clamorers for dividends, not for progress.

Trying to Frighten Us

SOME extreme alarmists—the kind that wishes us to believe the sun is rapidly going out and that the Atlantic seaboard will soon be a day's sail from dry land—are now saying that Congress is likely to take up this winter the subjects of railroad rates, the tariff and an increased stamp tax on beer.

Of course, it is absurd Any one of those subjects alone is sufficient to tie Congress in a hard knot through two sessions and to cause such an exhibition of national legislative incapacity as makes one glad that the recognition of Thanksgiving is left to the executive rather than the law-making branch An attempt to legislate on freight rates will, of course, be resisted by the railroads en masse. The mention of additional beer taxes will bring down the brewers' lobby like the wolf on the fold As for the tariff, that always summons every big business interest, each of which lobbies at cross-purposes to every other What this means if developed to its highest power we saw in Mr Cleveland's time when the tariff bill emerged from Congress so bent and mangled that its own father refused to recognize it

If Congress should take up these three subjects at once, Bedlam would be a place of tranquility and reason compared with Washington

THE DANGER OF THE DOLLAR

To-day and To-morrow

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

THE aristocracy of Nature is expressed by the phrase "the survival of the fittest." It means that there is no natural democracy. The Declaration of Independence is literature. Jefferson wrote it. He was sincere: also he owned slaves. But a political democracy is, after all, a manufactured product. Among the lower orders of animal life nimble legs help to escape the consequences of having been born into a competitive world. Among men, wits serve the same purpose. Before man made civil laws he made religious laws; hence the doctrine of the divine right of kings and of caste preceded the theory of equality. But long before either came the law of might, the right of the strongest. That was when men were much nearer to Nature's heart than they are now. The simple life was truly theirs—to eat, to drink, to sleep, to love, to live, to die. The strongest animal ruled. It was only when mere brute force was offset by skill, and weapons reduced the disparities in muscles, that the brain had its innings. Sandow is very strong, but not so strong as a stripling five yards distant with a loaded revolver in his hands. All of which is trite; but it has a bearing on what will follow.

When men became human beings they thought of other things besides a full belly. Always the strongest motive-power behind man's lives has been love—that is, the love of man for woman. That love, to be sure, has since put on frills; it is beautifully arrayed, wondrously bejeweled. At times it is so overlaid with psychological gorgeousness that you have to brush away a few tons of poetry before you see the real, living love of man for woman; quintessentially the same to-day as ten thousand years ago, the same beautiful, terrible, inevitable, irresistible, natural love of man for woman, the greatest of the human forces among normal people.

But as men became civilized, and cooked their meats, and built houses, and dressed their love, other human forces came to move man. And next to the love of man for woman is the love of man for power. The spirit of competition, the irresistible tendency of vigorous races to expand, to progress—it all means that. All this is old, old as civilization. But it also has a direct bearing on what follows.

Like love of woman, love of power has remained the same, though the dress has changed. When men fought with fists and teeth, the bully who made good became the tribal chief. Dissenters were so easily digestible! When clubs became trumps, brawn was god still. By-and-by came swords; then brains. In the Middle Ages, who said power meant military power; who could out-kill his neighbor became greatly powerful. At first men were the units; then the units of the king became his barons, whose units were their men-at-arms. Civilization does not rest. To stand still is really to go backward. Man did not go back. Power changed its garb. It was no longer incased in burnished steel; that disappeared when the devil made a monk discover gunpowder. War still was the resort of men, though not the first resort, as it was a few thousand years before. But as weapons changed—always the ability to out-murder others meant the ability to be greatly powerful—they became expensive. That—the costliness of war and the dawning dream that all men, being equal before God and His law, should be equal before man and his law—made power put on still another dress. To-day it is clad from head to foot in solid gold, arabesqued with dollar signs, and money is the symbol of power.

In the Middle Ages, Who Said Power Meant Military Power

This is as it should be. It is natural. Money can procure almost everything that men strive for—the "almost" shows this article is not written in a cynical mood. A modern lord, sometimes called a captain of industry, does not decapitate his enemies; but he can buy off his chief competitors, or crush them, which is cheaper. He does not own slaves, but he can hire men to do as he desires. Each dollar is a soldier; many dollars are an army. If money badly led is not to be feared, so huge armies ineptly commanded have fallen before intelligent generalship, as, for example, Darius and his hosts before Alexander and the Macedonian phalanx. But this is the age of business, to-day's dream of conquest is the longing to sell more goods to more people. The fights of the future will be the fights for markets. Markets abroad mean existence at home. Great manufacturing nations will crush weaker nations, bury them under tons of manufactures. It is the instinct of self-preservation. *Væ victis!*—that is to say, no quarter for the bankrupt!

The American Peerage

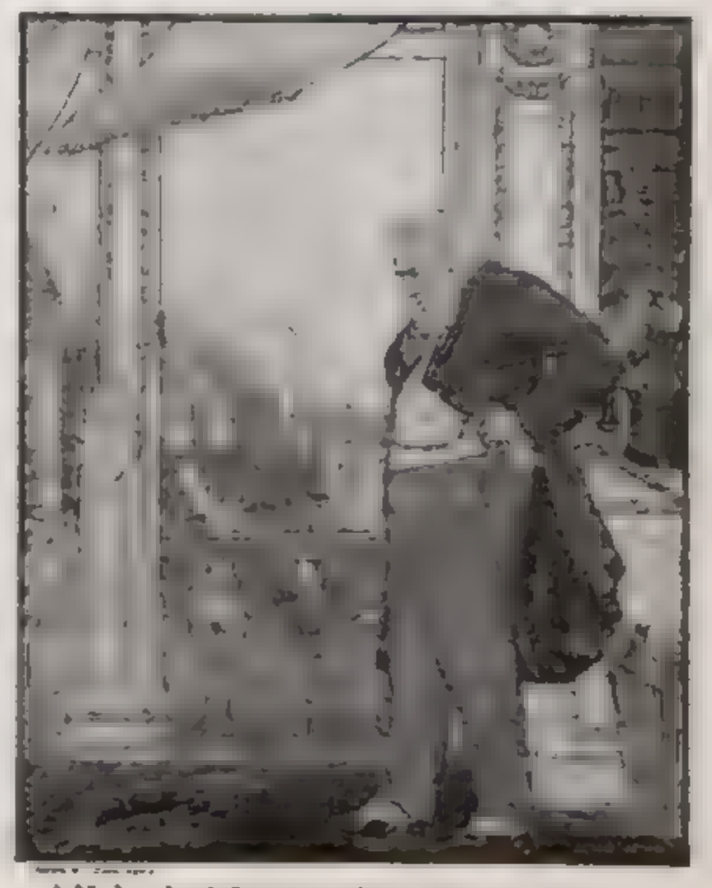
THE foregoing brings us to America. Ours is the aristocracy of money only because money is the certificate of work done. There is no use in gainsaying what is so evident as to require no demonstration. There are many Americans who have ideals that are not seared with the branding-iron of the dollar. There ought to be, considering the census says there must be eighty-odd millions of us. But to deny that the average American does not mean a man's money when he speaks of a man's success is nonsense. Thank God! we still admire Abraham Lincoln more than John D. Rockefeller; but ask the average man which he would rather be, the president of Princeton College, or the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. You know what he will answer. Observe the apologetic smile of the "cultured class" explaining that as a nation we are still young and raw. As a matter of fact, we want the best of everything, because we are the richest nation in the world, the most *comfortable* of all. We make money, and, God be praised! we spend it. The best physician should have the largest income. The most successful author is he whose books sell best—not the greatest, but the most successful: not the master, but the author of the best seller. Always income to the front.

In all this, however, there is no cause for alarm. The starving painter in his cold-storage studio, and the unrecognized genius in his garret, may pull out bunches of poetical hair as they think of the gross materialism of the nation that has no eye and no mind for art. The village dominie may wonder if Mammon is in truth god of the land, when he is told that a janitor at one of the banks—Mammon's temples—receives more for keeping the cuspidors clean than he does for reminding men that they have souls to keep clean. The college professor may endeavor to convince the young gentlemen who sometimes do not cut his lectures that there are higher things in life than football or newspaper fame or dreams of wealth. But all to no purpose. Such men are always in the minority; they always have been the few. We are a commercial nation. We were born too late to be anything else. Abroad, they call us a nation of shopkeepers. What they mean is that we are a nation of money-makers. That is why they fear us. The "American peril" is commercial. Fear our navy? England's is far more powerful; so is France's. Our army? Being patriotic, let us not laugh. Our dollars? Being Americans, *you bet!*

It is all perfectly obvious, and there is no need of being ashamed. In England, if a young man at his university shows unusual promise they predict success for him—in public life, a parliamentary career. The accidental aristocracy of birth is represented in the House of Lords; the genuine aristocracy of brains in the Commons. In this country, of course, the only aristocracy is the aristocracy of brains. If a young man shows unusual promise we predict a great success for him—in business. And success in business is logically measured in dollars. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson are brain-aristocrats, unusually able men. One is a banker; the other a lawyer. Mr. Morgan's brain works for Mr. Morgan. So does Mr. Stetson's brain; so do other fine brains. Therefore the banker is a duke, at least, and the lawyer at the most an earl. Money makes money, not only because it can seize opportunity, but because it can buy brains. Mr. Carnegie says he wishes his epitaph to tell the world the truth—below lies interred one who knew how to get around him abler men. That's what money does—it buys. It pays for everything—always excepting love, and sometimes principles. As for happiness, that is temperamental.

Greed thus is, in many men, merely the concomitant of the well-nigh universal love of power, and we have seen how to-day the possession of money can and does mean the possession of power. A man is as God made him, though sometimes helped or handicapped by environment, education and training. The same impulses, the same passions,

The Simple Life was Truly Theirs—
The Strongest Animal Ruled



A Modern Lord, Sometimes Called a Captain of Industry,
Does Not Decapitate His Enemies; but—

the same desires, the same brain-quality, the same singleness of purpose and inflexibility of will that made men great in the fifteenth century make them great not good, remember—in the twentieth

Jay Gould left his children a few railroads. He was an upstart millionaire, rising from ten per cent. less than nothing to seventy-five millions. His methods were not always nice; but his grandchildren and their contemporaries will not know that, unless they read ancient history, and time blurs what is bad. Four hundred years ago Jay Gould, by the use of the same brains, the same extraordinary ability and unusual courage, would have left his children a principality or two. His grandchildren would have believed in the divine right of kings, and the mob with them.

Commodore Vanderbilt was a wonderful man. He did not found a dynasty, because he lived six hundred years too late. But he did the modern equivalent. He left to his son the New York Central system, and a chain of golden forts, so that when William H. died he was the richest man in America. The present generation does not remember when the Vanderbilts did not wear the purple.

Mr. Carnegie amuses himself giving, which is more blessed than receiving. But he is still receiving more than a million dollars a month; the excess over the monthly million would make a certain writer—no need to mention names—prosperous for life. There was a time when $3.50 looked a heap bigger to him than the biggest library he has yet donated to a scholarly and book-loving people. We know what he did. If you don't, spend a week in Pittsburg. Never mind what little souls tell you about him, or about the iniquity of a protective tariff. Just look at the furnaces, and the mills, and the procession of laden cars; gaze at the flame-stabbed sky at night; listen to the roaring epic of the blast furnaces. And understand!

Mr. John D. Rockefeller does not know how rich he is. He has not known that these ten years; his fortune is too great. It is an ignorance from which misguided people who take to letters and the fine arts are exempt. But it must be patent to anybody who has taken the trouble to think about it that the man who made Standard Oil what it is, who, starting a poor man, built up the greatest business empire in the world's history, taking here, eliminating there, adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing, consolidating, annihilating, cajoling or coercing; who brought other organizations and other great leaders under the flag of the Standard Oil—it must be patent that the same brain, those same traits, good, bad and worse, the same will power and patience, and when need be ruthlessness, the habitual subordinating of everything to the welfare of the State—"the good of the oil business," as Miss Tarbell says—all that would, in other times, have made Mr. Rockefeller the founder of an empire such as Alexander might possibly have left had he but lived long enough to acquire the dyspepsia of over-prolonged success. We cannot yet tell the historical consequences of Mr. Rockefeller's work. how what the Standard Oil stands for will affect our commercial life. But he is, if not one of the lovable or admirable, certainly one of the larger figures of our business history. Properly viewed, the present is as rich in romance as the past, and precisely as full of dark blots—perhaps no better, but decidedly no worse.

The Kings and Queens of To-day

LOWLY women of some beauty and much brains have risen to be queens. Men of no birth to brag of at times when birth counted for much, but with brains, have risen to be kings. Brains made bridges for chasms that seemed unbridgeable. It is the same to-day. Of course, one of the factors of the human equation is opportunity. Flowers are blushing unseen by the million, wasting their sweetness on the desert air; great intellects may at this moment be shouting "Both gates, please," on subway car-platforms, and potential Carnegies may be shoveling coke in Connellsville. But the fact remains that this country is as rich in opportunities as it is in natural resources, and that the absence of traditions, which makes us poor art-lovers and deficient in certain forms of culture, makes us great inventors, great hustlers, and the most self-reliant people on the face of the earth. And if force—force of character, force of intellect—seems in the United States to propel great native ability in the direction of the dollar, be good enough to bear in mind that, after all, the goal and motive force are the same—the love of power, the inherent and irresistible impulse to *do* that some men are born with, that makes them go forward carrying the non-creative minds with them, only that civilization and our form of government have replaced the glittering crown by the corpulent bank account.

Therefore, it is also to be borne in mind, long before the blush of patriotic shame need suffuse American cheeks, that many of these great leaders of ours are more than a collection of numerals preceded by a dollar sign. Mr. Morgan, it is absolutely certain, is not actuated solely by the desire to increase an already enormous fortune, and if he could throw off thirty or forty years without losing any of his present knowledge, and experience, and brains, the country much more than Mr. Morgan would gain by it.

The Coming Generation May be Hard-working in Sports

Mr. James J. Hill has thriftily managed to accumulate thirty or forty millions. But after he had enough to be sure his family would want for nothing, it is to be doubted if the thought of making more money for himself has been his principal object. Think of what the man has done—the incarnation of the genius of railroading, developing a rich wilderness because he would develop a great railroad. The Great Northern was the child of his brain, his dream; its prosperity was as the breath of his nostrils. There were obstacles, physical, financial, sentimental. To overcome them took brains, it took work, it took courage. He had all these in marvelous abundance. Let us say that he himself has made even fifty millions of dollars. But what was a wilderness when he began produces to-day enough grain to feed a kingdom of Europe. It sends forth in ore, in lumber, as much in a month or two as Hill has saved up for himself in a lifetime; and ten million people prosper—and as likely as not, for they are free, vilify Hill, and joyfully vote against the Great Northern's candidates—where the buffalo once roamed and the redskin lived the simple life of slaughter. And unsatisfied, unwearied, restless, moved by the spirit which has always made great men do great things, he has dreamed of the conquest of the Orient feeding the yellow races with American wheat, clothing them with American cotton, uplifting them with American machinery—building the greatest freight steamers in the world because his railway cars were taking lumber from the Pacific to the Great Lakes, and he wished to take back wheat and manufactures to the Pacific to ship to the teeming millions of the Far East. And all this because—perhaps it is his only reason; his enemies cannot say more—because it would mean traffic to the Great Northern; and traffic means life, and life means work, and work means money. If instead of one Hill there were twenty Hills, each thirty-five years old, and each worth $100,000,000, would that strengthen the plutocracy, emphasize the dangerous tendency of the times? Perhaps. It would, we must admit, give us better railroads, which would increase the wealth of the country and the comforts of the population. What else is civilization but comforts?

The Crown Princes of the Golden Kingdoms

IT IS not only among the railroad kings nor among the bankers that we can look for men of that stamp. Take Henry Clay Frick. Study his life. See how he began, what he became, and why he is to-day what he is. Think of the country that lets such men accomplish such things, and then think once more of the men. His life is a thrilling romance—this quiet man of humble birth, of no early advantages of education, making, rather than finding, his opportunities, becoming an expert in industries to which a few years before he was a stranger; a coke manufacturer becoming the head of the greatest steel concern in the world; an iron manufacturer becoming the associate and valued adviser of great banks. The other day a reporter complained: "Frick refuses absolutely to tell us what we want to know about the Equitable report and hang it he is so nice and courteous about it we can't get angry." a compliment on his manners and his tact. Brave we know he is to an unusual degree; just as he is eminently practical which is another way of saying eminently philosophical. That man's life is an American romance. He may lack this or the other theoretically desirable trait. He may have qualities that some people do not like, as some do not like black hair or red. But how does the world, who does not know Mr. Frick's personality and who has no feelings of character, know that he is one of our great men? By what he has accomplished. And in accomplishing what he has, what is the one thing he could no more help making than a healthy fish can help swimming? Money. It is not the sole measure and gauge of what he is. It is merely the certificate that he has done a certain work, and done it more than well. It is the diploma of the American University of Success.

It is inevitable that one should consider also the coming generation of millionaires, the crown princes of the golden kingdoms. The men who are the leaders, who are the exponents of success in dollars, have children. Is the power of the fathers to be transmitted to the sons? Will the power, already over-great, become greater in the succeeding generation? Certain tendencies of our commercial and therefore of our national life must give concern to dispassionate observers. Will these tendencies become more positive? If so, it will mean the condition of class and mass, which, after all, does not now exist, however close we may be to it. In considering this, it is well to bear in mind that these "tendencies" have been made by a few forceful men rather than by the manifest trend of the times, or economic evolution, or any of half a dozen theories which are merely phrases meant to conceal emptiness by an appearance of profundity.

And it is precisely because the really dangerous tendencies are man-made that the problem loses its serious aspect. One has merely to look at the heirs of the Vanderbilts and the Goulds, the Hills and the Morgans, the Harrimans and the Stillmans, to know that it is not from them that the Republic need fear danger. Look at their faces, consider their environment, scrutinize their pleasures, study their activities. We are safe.

The Social Safety-Valve

SOCIETY is the safety-valve; as it is constituted in this country it will keep men of much money from becoming men of much power. No man can serve two masters. Their fathers were engrossed in the pursuit of financial might. They were born for it; they rose, many of them, from nothing. Society meant little to the latter class; at the most it soothed their vanity vicariously, through their wives. To their sons it means more—they were born to it. The parents' luxuries are the children's absolute necessities. Some of the younger men may even have the ability, but they lack the incentive. Their energy is diffused; it seeks expression in several non-money-making ways. It lacks concentration and intensity. Their ambitions, sometimes praiseworthy, are seldom of a character to be a menace to our institutions. All this, with all possible respect to the youngsters. They can be called golden calves only rhetorically. Contrary to the popular notion, they are not a pack of idle, vapid young men. But they are not, as a class, and never will be, the men their fathers have been. The more I have studied the sons the less I find them like their fathers.

The really dangerous tendency of great wealth is logical enough. It is not the overweening personal ambition of the kings of finance that constitutes the danger. We know that a democracy is necessarily a government by political parties, and it is equally patent that prolonged political supremacy is fatal to continued good government. That is, a politician in power for ten years loses his value as a public servant if he ever had any. He grows to imagine that he has a sort of hereditary right to office. His sense of proportion atrophies. Graft never breaks out the first month a party is in power. It comes later, when the politicians forget what the people have done. Political parties logically beget political bosses. Democracy is good; graft is not. It is the same in finance. The "big men" have grown bigger. The national indifference to all save "business" which permits political bosses to steal unchecked and to curtail the liberties of a free people, permits analogous abuses among the financial bosses.

Mr. Vanderbilt and his family do not begin to own the majority of New York Central shares; but they are autocrats. Mr. Harriman does not own the Union Pacific, but what he desires that he does, and as he desires what will make the property more valuable, his stockholders overlook certain dangerous and undemocratic principles by him established, and gladsomely pocket the increased dividends. Mr. Morgan does not own more than a very small fraction of the capital stock of the United States Steel Corporation, but his word is law. To be sure, his word is seldom foolish or undollarly, but it is the principle of the thing that is bad—as when he sought to prolong the Erie voting trust. Mr. Hill does not own the Great Northern. He may be the largest individual holder of the stock, but for him, so long as what he does makes dividends safer and surer, there is but one voice to heed in Great Northern affairs—that of James J. Hill. All this has tended to establish in certain Wall Street minds a belief that rule by a minority is not bad. It is the old theory that the best possible form of government would be an absolute monarchy under a benevolent and intelligent despot. This is an un-American principle. It cannot endure. But long-continued public indifference to such a tendency might

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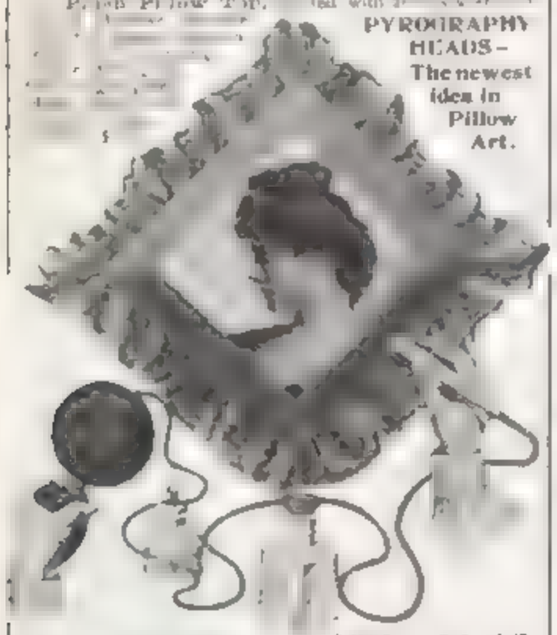

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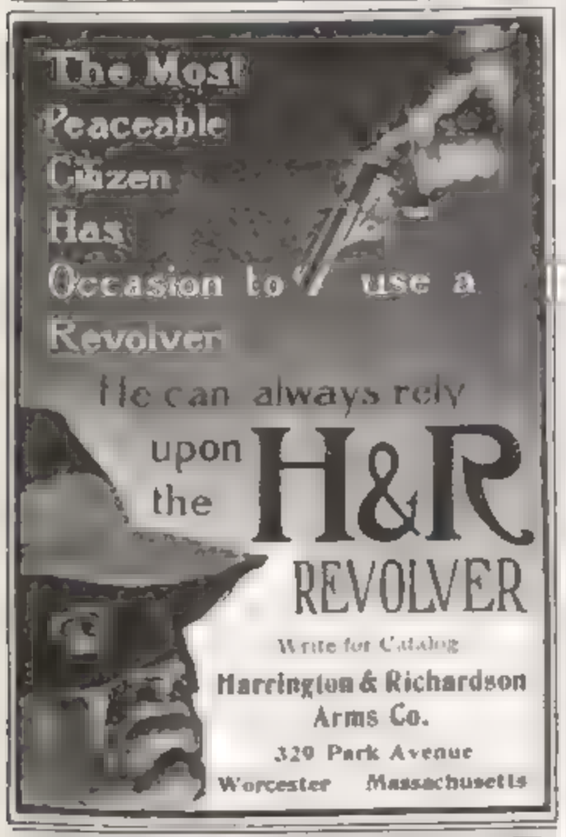

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make some of the benevolent despots forget their benevolence, or possibly forget to exercise benevolence, except toward themselves Given human nature as at present constituted, it is obvious that it would not be long after the establishment of a plutocracy had logically demarked two classes, the governing and the governed, that abuses would follow, and after the abuses words, and after words bloodshed, and after bloodshed democracy again: or worse.

Let us imagine, for example, that Mr John D. Rockefeller, Junior, possessed to an exactly equal degree the mental and moral qualities of his father. The elder Rockefeller started life with no money and no clearly-established object, unless it was to make money, like millions of others. He was not a youth when he went into the oil business. His first years in petroleum were spent in making money as many others were doing. He perceived certain opportunities, and he seized them. But it is safe to say that the amount of thought, and work, and wear and tear on his nerves, spent before he became so rich that further progress became relatively easy from the sheer momentum of the dollar, was so great that it told on him By the time he was the richest man in the world his capacity for working and thinking and digesting was impaired. But his son would start as the richest man in the world He would have the vast army of dollars of his father and only thirty-five years. If his father with no money, but with brains and adherence to certain business principles, could do what he has done, what could young Rockefeller, with close to a billion of money and his father's brain and his youth, not do? In lesser degree the same thing could be said of nearly all the heirs of the men whose power constitutes the danger of the dollar. Their fathers are the most successful business men—men of action—in the land. Let us see why there is nothing to fear from the children of the rich.

A Bar to Generalizations

Of the half-hundred great millionaires of this country, such statistics as might be compiled by a sociological or economic student desirous of strengthening some fantastic argument would show nothing of value. No rule can be formulated. Were all of them self-made men, we might permit ourselves certain pleasing fallacies. Were they all inheritors of wealth we might become alarmed. Mr. Morgan inherited money, an established business and prestige. Mr. Hill is self-made. So is Mr. Carnegie but not Mr. Vanderbilt Mr. Rockefeller started with nothing, Mr. George J. Gould with twenty millions. To be sure, the greater number of our business leaders had too little at twenty and too much at sixty, but the preponderance is not sufficiently marked to establish a foundation for the belief that to become very rich in America one must be born very poor.

The first thing to bear in mind is that, in general, the children of great men seldom are themselves great. Great men are freaks. They are abnormal. Also, there is no law of entail here. None of the Vanderbilts of to-day is as rich as William H., though the Vanderbilt fortune has grown with the growth of the country. The great fortunes of to-day will grow with time, but the heirs may grow faster.

It is not the fault of the fathers that the sons will not become great. The sensational preacher or the unenlightened philosopher need not paint illuminating pictures of our great millionaires so absorbed in the pursuit of the dollar that they have paid no attention to their sons and their education They need not deduce hence the gilded do-nothings who are avenging the public their fathers despoiled by making asses of themselves. The majority—the overwhelming majority—of the great captains of industry and finance have given much thought to the proper way to educate their sons, and to train them in the best possible way. They are pretty intelligent men, these captains, but what if sometimes the sons inherit the mothers' traits? The fathers wish their sons to be *men*. They have, most of them, succeeded. Wishing them to be *business men* is another matter—a matter of square pegs and round holes very often.

The lack of incentive is, probably, the worst handicap. Natural ability fails to reach the growth it should because of lack of exercise rather than because of lack of opportunity. George J. Gould was his father's lieutenant for years, but Jay Gould was an extraordinary man, one of the ablest, in his line, that this country has ever produced. Why should his children or their children inherit the brains with the millions? They can be pretty intelligent men, which they indeed are, and not be in the first Gould's class. Jay Gould once was "bearing" New York Central. He had a lot of experts going over the road's traffic statistics and financial condition, whose exhaustive and accurate reports were given by Mr. Gould to the newspapers. They made the Central stockholders uneasy and helped Gould in his stock-market operations. At a meeting of the New York Central directors old Commodore Vanderbilt remarked: "Gentlemen, there is a little, black-bearded blankety-blank in this town who is doing a lot of damage to the New York Central. He tells too many facts to the public, and he must be stopped somehow from getting such information. What do you suggest?" He suspected some of them of treachery. But one answered: "Commodore, there is only one way to stop it. Make Gould a director of the Central, and then he won't know a single thing about it!" For the Commodore was a masterful man, who ruled the Central as a Czar might rule it. His son after him ruled not so aggressively, but intelligently enough to double the family fortune. Then came the grandchildren. Only one of them is supposed to take any active interest in the railroad, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, who spends half his time abroad. He is a case in point—a man of undoubted ability, who, lacking incentive to work, has not worked as he should. The New York Central is today making improvements it should have made ten years ago. It is following other roads, the Pennsylvania, for example, where it should have led. Then young William K., Junior. What his business ability is no man can tell, for he never has been called upon to exercise it. But this much is certain, that young Vanderbilt has shown good qualities—the capacity for hard work, much determination, a clear head, very great physical courage. These have found expression in making him one of the great automobilists of the world Who can tell what the boy might have accomplished had he been born poor?

One of the great steel millionaires placed his boy in J. P. Morgan's office as a clerk. By his father's express wishes he was treated like all the other clerks. His salary was a few dollars a week. The office was a great banking office, a fine training place, none better in the world. The boy used to come down to earn ten a week in an automobile that cost $22,000. Was it the father's fault? Yes and no

The Best Schools for Rich Sons

Mr. Stillman insisted on having one of his sons learn banking, and started him in the National City Bank at the bottom. The other was sent to James J. Hill to learn railroading. So was the son of Jacob H. Schiff The son of Judge Moore of the Rock Island is a freight clerk in a small town working for fifty dollars a month. His father wanted to make a railroad man—not a railroad gentleman—of him. The boy pleases his father by refusing to ask for an allowance, and gets even by sending to his parents the daily bill-of-fare from his boarding-house The last graduating class at Princeton decided that H. C. Frick's son was the man most likely to succeed. Percy Rockefeller certainly has as able a mind as his father, William Rockefeller, and has had the advantage of a far better early environment and of associates who don't care how rich or how poor he is, being themselves very rich. Others are building great country estates and doing no harm if they are not doing much good. And so it goes.

Many of the young men—indeed, it is pleasing to say, most of them—are at work under their fathers. But, with the exception of three or four, there is no reason to believe the coming generation of millionaires will inherit all the brains with all the millions. They certainly will not inherit, in most instances, the peculiar traits that have made the present generation so powerful, nor the early environment that developed those peculiar traits; and, therefore, the coming generation will be gentlemanly, will be cultured—it certainly is better looking and better mannered—it may be hard-working in sports or even in business; but it will not be dangerous to the Republic. And if nothing has been said of the spirit of philanthropy that all men should have, it is because this article deals with what is and not with what ought to be.

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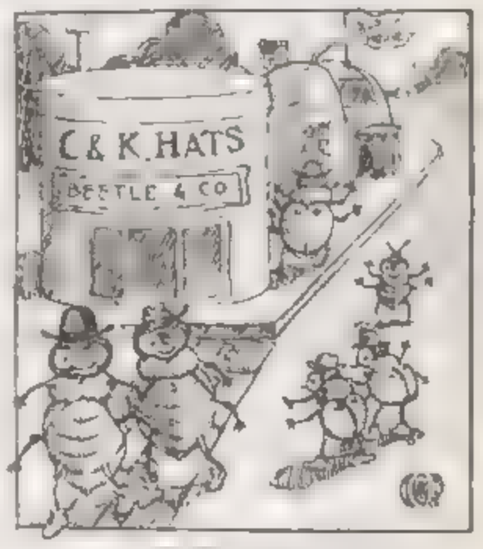

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Our Discontented Daughters

BY LILIAN BELL

WHEN I hear a woman whining because she has no career, the thought comes into my mind "Here is either a woman who is very vain, or she is imposed upon in her family life

I use the word "whining" advisedly, for the woman with an assured talent seldom whines because she has no opportunity to use it. She gets out and chases up an opportunity and closes with it before it can get away.

But the woman who sits down before a good picture, or over a good book, or hears a great soprano and says: "Oh, I wish I had a career," generally has nothing to cultivate, nor the wit to evolve an understanding.

If it were an honest desire to earn money for a worthy purpose which impelled women to sigh for careers, that would be a different matter. One would then feel inclined to help rather than discourage the aspirant. But too often it is merely the excitement, the glamour of the thing which attracts, and generally the material attracted is such fluffy, feathery stuff.

A woman of this sort who wants a career, if she had one, would doubtless turn out to be a careering woman. Lack of balance, my dear friends, will make any woman career.

There are, however, two rules to be observed by women who long for careers. The first is, discover your limitations. Sit down and think over the things you are positive that you cannot do. That will soon narrow you down to the few, the very few, that you can. Then examine carefully into your equipment. First, have you the patience, perseverance, courage and good sense necessary to make a success of a career, should opportunity offer? Secondly, have you the time to pursue it?

It is said that "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." If you are indolent by nature, or in delicate health, don't try to be a genius, for you will only spoil a good sleeper. Better be a graceful, well-dressed, cheerful invalid, and a permanent occupant of the sitting-room sofa, than a disgruntled author, who is fit to be nothing but a critic.

There is no such thing as luck in careers. Those who seem to have it had some keenness which the unsuccessful lacked—perhaps in choosing a career which promised a swift reward, perhaps in knowing the public; perhaps in creating opportunities.

I do not believe that opportunity ever does very much knocking at anybody's door It is my opinion that a spade is a most useful implement in digging opportunity out of its winter quarters.

Footlights and Heavy Hearts

The career of an actress looks easy, doesn't it? If you have a good figure and you can recite Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight, so that everybody at the church sociable tells you that it made the shivers go down their backs, don't dream that you can, in a week's time, get a position in a sextette, and in a month's time marry a senile millionaire. Good actresses are the hardest-worked women I know anything about. I would rather be a stenographer than an actress if I were looking for a soft job. A stenographer gets more time to sit down than a successful star actress.

You little pink-cheeked idiot, did you think it was all rouge and footlights and late suppers? It is more likely to be refusing late suppers, in order to get a little sleep. Studying every waking hour, rehearsing morning, noon and night, not so much because the star needs it as to make up for *your* stupidity and *yours* and *yours*, you, who think it is so easy to be a star! Did it ever occur to you that the successful have to work twice as hard in this world to make up for the unsuccessful who can't do even their subordinate work? Did you ever stop to think that a genius has to work twice as long in order to make up for the fools who retard his work? A woman who has obtained a career is often injured by the envious malice of women who are too stupid to secure one for themselves. Indeed, if you only knew it, it takes courage, and lots of it, for a woman to attempt a career.

Now the main trouble with women who say that they want a career is that they mistake the case. They mean that they want something which they now lack, and they think a career would fill the bill. If they are unhappy, they mean that they want to be happy, and they think that a career would make them so. But it wouldn't.

If they are happily married they mean that they lack excitement and they think a public career would furnish it. But if they knew the secret desires of most women in public life, I wonder—I simply wonder—if they could believe what they would hear

You women with farms, do you know that many of the famous actresses, whose pictures you cut out of magazines and paste upon your walls, care more for their eggs and poultry than they do for your applause when you go to the city for the express purpose of seeing your idols act? Do you know that these actresses would give a good deal to know what you know about the care of calves, and goslings, and squabs, and lambs, and colts, and their infantile diseases? Women in the public eye get their happiness out of the ample things you spurn.

They call their careers work. They call your work play, and they look forward, from the glare of the footlights, to the time when they can go to bed as early as you do, and get up as early as you do, and tend chickens and flowers, and do the very things that you think are a bore.

Ask any woman who has risen to the top of the ladder of fame what her ambition in life is. Such women will one and all tell you that it lies in some simple woodland or domestic line. They will tell you that their public careers satisfy only one-half of them—and that is always the artificial half The real side is the domestic side which is hidden from the eye of the world.

What the Singer Works For

Ask the opera singer who coins millions with her voice, which she would rather lose, her voice or her children, and see what she says. She would rather be dumb forever and beg from door to door in pantomime than lose those little fat toddlers at home in some land foreign to you. Why, it is for them she toils and travels and subjects herself to hardships, broken sleep, changes of climate which may any day bring ruin to her voice, and, above all, separation from and anxiety for those she holds dearest—all of which would drive you, cozy housewife without a career, crazy! She is working just as hard as you are, only in a different way, and for the same thing: to bring comfort to those one loves.

If all the successful women in the world, all the women who have risen to the top of their respective arts or crafts, could send one word and message to all the women who yearn after a public career, that one word would be: "Don't"—and the message would be: "Try to find contentment in your own lot, for we do not find it here."

Contentment does not come from careers. Contentment is a restful quality. It brings peace and quiet in its train, and the very foundation of a career is ambition, unrest, competition, anxiety, struggle and fight. Women with careers drop their careers when they want to rest.

Yet a curious thing about the public is that, after all, it applies the wrong test to the successful woman. The public demands: "Have you reached the top? Have you left behind you music, sculpture, literature and pictures which will live?"

That is not the test. The public should demand: "Have you left good children behind you who will live?" And the woman who hasn't has not achieved the highest good

If those single women who have done the best work in their respective arts should tell the truth, they would declare that they knew they would have been happier married and the mothers of children. That is woman's natural career, and an unhappy married woman is a freak. So is a woman with a career. Both are outside of what God and Nature intended them to be.

An unmarried man is not a freak, for men are not born to be married, but women are, and it should be the ambition of every woman in the world to have children. The world would be a great deal better, and a great deal happier place to live in, if every woman was eager to be a better mother than her neighbor, rather than to cherish the ignoble ambitions in dress or display or advancement for which she is not fitted.

Public women should be judged as mothers. Wouldn't you hate to be, you women with careers? Are you ready to go before a mothers' convention and let the neighbors testify as to what sort of a mother you are making and what sort of children you are turning out upon an unprotected world?

If the neighbors could have the disposition of the children of women who think they possess genius, there would be a good many small funerals—unless they thought the children weren't even worth killing!

The greatest men give the credit of their greatness to their mothers' training. Would you rather be the mother of an Abraham Lincoln or the author of a summer novel?

Bad Mothers for Good "Careers"

A woman who is a careless or an indifferent mother, incapable of bringing up her children, may well turn to a career, because she is not fitted for her natural vocation. Eve was the first example of this. She was such an incompetent mother that one of her children killed another. Then she got discouraged and turned to dressmaking for a career. Many a woman has followed in her footsteps since with no better equipment for the career she has chosen than failure in her mother-vocation. That is about the reason why so many divorcées choose the stage.

Often, too, the women who thus whine after careers are women happily married and with a little family of children looking up to their mothers as the prettiest, loveliest and best creatures on earth. Such women would be quite satisfied if some fairy godmother would wave her wand over their heads and they should suddenly find themselves crowned queens. Yet, with a kingdom ready made at hand, peopled with the most loving of subjects, they look abroad for a great work and sigh: "If we only had careers!"

You can't all paint pictures, or carve statues, or write books but you can learn how to be wise, competent, firm, tender mothers. You can paint pictures on little brains, carve statues in little characters, write books in little lives whose influence will live forever. Such a career would make men count you a greater woman than if your image were found worthy to fill a niche in the Hall of Fame.

There is no career in the world which offers such opportunities to women as that of being good and wise mothers, none which is so little crowded, none which offers such rewards. It calls forth your highest wisdom, your deepest study, your best efforts. It makes demands upon your brain, your heart and your life. It is a career whose heights are never completely scaled while life lasts, and is the only one which brings with it a constant, daily knowledge that you are doing the best you can with your life. No career brings that *certainty* to a woman's heart except the career of motherhood

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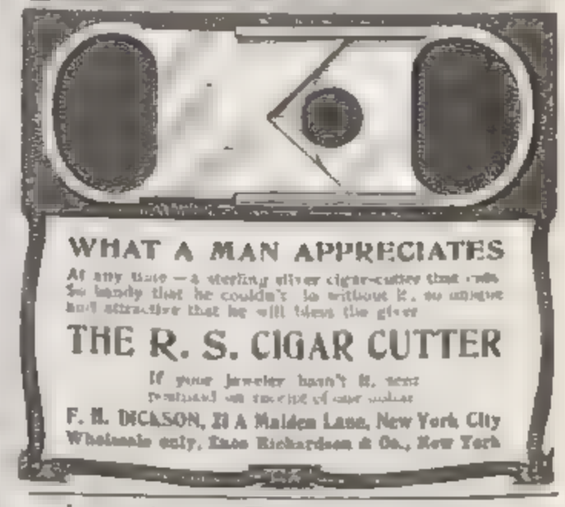

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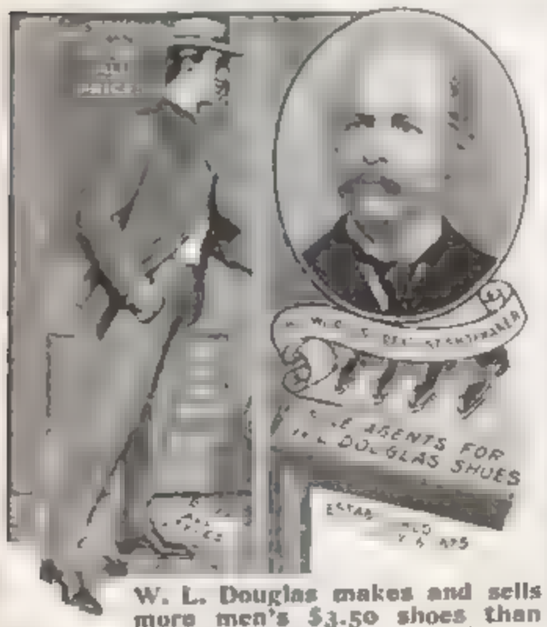

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BABY BULLET

(Continued from Page 9)

"I'm too busy thinking about myself," he said. "Or you, I ought to say, for I can't tell you how it hurts me to have you suffer By Jove, I wouldn't mind so much if I were by myself, but it's unbearable to look on helplessly while you——"

"Oh, I don't mind so much—truly I don't I just feel a little numb inside, that's all."

"People in Nature books always suck pebbles. Won't you have a pebble?"

"If you can find a nice clean one."

He groped about in the dark. It was apparently not a pebble country. A piece of barrel hoop was all that could be found He flung it disdainfully into the middle of the road.

"Just our luck," he said despondently. "A pebble would have done you good, I am sure—a beautiful white pebble that you could have kept afterward as a memento."

"I sha'n't need any memento to remember this!"

"It's awful, isn't it?"

"Yet, do you know, in a queer sort of way I like it The splendid Gorkyism of it appeals to me—the man, woman and open sky—hunger, and stars—and you being so sorry for me, you know!"

"It's hard to praise people without sounding patronizing—but may I say it?"

"Oh, don't be afraid of being too complimentary!"

"No, but really—I don't believe there is another girl in the world who would have been so sweet, and patient, and helpful, and dear. 'Pon my soul, I mean it in all seriousness—it—it brings the tears to a fellow's eyes, you know."

"It makes me glad to hear you say that It shows I've been true to the grand old tradition. It's the man's place to struggle and fight, and the woman's to pet him and console him, and be his little tin angel."

"Well you have. I couldn't begin to tell you how much I have admired you for it—I mean how it's come home to me what a little thoroughbred you are!"

"Perhaps it has come home to me, too—about you!"

He felt for her hand, and held it close in a big, warm grasp. Essy did not attempt to withdraw it. A wonderful sweetness and serenity seemed to descend upon them both.

"But Henrietta——?" she whispered.

He pressed her hand and answered nothing. He was looking up at the stars, as though in the magic of that touch he hesitated to break the silence and return to earth

"You've been so good," she went on in the same low, soft voice. "So considerate always—so generous and tender—don't spoil it all now Our friendship is too precious to lose it in a flirtation."

"I told you the truth about Henrietta," he returned slowly "On my honor, the absolute truth. Give me the credit for having played fair from the beginning. Even when I told you about it that night I was already half in love with you."

Essy listened with half-shut eyes in a delicious languor She was thankful for the darkness that made her silence possible The woman in her was thrillingly conscious of her companion's broad shoulders, of his big hand that held hers in so tight a clasp, of his deep and mellow voice Suddenly he put his arms about her and drew her to his breast. Her weary head sank against him in an exquisite contentment In that tender mastery how was it possible for her to resist, though she tried to keep her lips from his as he rained kisses on her face and murmured incoherently that he loved her—that he had always loved her—that he had not dared speak before from very dread that he might lose her? He besought her in a whisper to marry him, crushing her in his arms with a violence that made her tremble with delight She said "yes," and again "yes," as he forced her to the avowal—as he put the words into her mouth and made her repeat them—those words that shamed her in the saying—those confessions of her pent-up girlish heart Sutphen was transported as he felt her lips against his hand, her shy and caressing cheek, her warm, tumultuous breath—that adorable surrender—intoxicating, rapturous, humbling.

There under the open sky, penniless and hungry, they plighted their troth—a moment, sacred and ecstatic, in which vows were made and words spoken that were to shine through the intervening years resplendent and undimmed to the end

Their absurd predicament no longer caused them the least concern. What did it matter now that of food there was none, and of gasoline less than a gallon and a half? They even agreed that they would not have had it otherwise if they could! It seemed to enhance their love that it had bloomed in their hour of dejection and fatigue; that it was then they had turned to each other, and found in their hearts a treasure the world could never rob them of. How blithely they walked back, hand in hand, to carry the good news to Miss Schell and Alphonse!

The writer must admit that it proved less exciting to these two than our lovers had anticipated. A cold roast chicken would have created infinitely more of a sensation. At first they were inclined to ascribe the others' high spirits to something of that kind, and the truth came out as rather an anti-climax. But still, Miss Schell attempted to proffer the becoming congratulations. Alphonse put more ginger into his, and frisked about to show his approval.

"Now crowd up close, and listen to what I'm going to say," said Sutphen. "I want you to realize you have a millionaire in the family, and though he isn't John D., or an Uncle Russell, he's going to deal out everybody here a full house, ace-high!"

Sitting there on the ground, with his hands in his empty pockets, Essy nestling beside him, and Alphonse and Miss Schell snugly completing the little circle, Sutphen proceeded to raise the spirits of the last two to the delirious heights of his own.

"Now about that twelve thousand francs for the agency of the Pattosien tire," he said. "It seems to me that Alphonse has earned it twice over. Besides, he'll need a little to spare to get settled on the other side. Let's call it five thousand dollars, and make it a wedding present from Essy and myself!"

"Oh, Monsieur——" vociferated Alphonse "How can I express to Monsieur—oh, Christine, speak for me—do you hear speak, in words from ze heart——"

Miss Schell was regarding Sutphen as though he had suddenly gone mad. She wondered if hunger had made him light-headed

"I am afraid I do not know how to thank you," she said. "You have made our future very easy for us. It would have always weighed on me to start our married life in debt, even to so kind and good a man as yourself!"

Then ensued an audible nudging and whispering in the dark.

"Alphonse says I must—kiss you," quavered Miss Schell helplessly.

"It is imperatif!" thundered the Frenchman. "Me, I command it! Courtesy, gratitude, honor—all command it!"

Sutphen sprang forward and gallantly settled Miss Schell's hesitation. There was an embarrassed scramble, the whisk of a feminine ear, an unexpected familiarity with some dry, stiff curls—and it was done! Everybody breathed freer when the rite was over, and Sutphen hastened to relieve the constraint that followed by hurriedly throwing in a formula that

"I want you to order everything regardless," he said to Miss Schell. "The nicest things you can buy and the prettiest, with carpets an inch thick, and silver, and napkins, and cut-glass, and pictures, and a piano, and andirons—and you are to accept it from Essy and myself, and invite us to dinner when everything is ready—just us four, you know—and we'll have such a house-warming, and hurrah-boys, that we'll rub our eyes to think that we were ever here at all, without a bean to our names or a roof to our heads, or a——"

"Crust!" interrupted Essy. "That's always what people haven't got when they're starving—it's never a ham sandwich or a loin of veal—but invariably a crust!"

"Well, crust then" added Sutphen "I don't know what it is, but we certainly haven't got it!"

"How little it seems to matter now!" exclaimed Miss Schell "Oh Mr Sutphen, I won't try to thank you again. I can't. But I am the happiest person in the world."

"No, I'm that myself!" cried Sutphen. "And that isn't all, either—I mean the flat isn't—for you must have a little car to take the place of our dear lost Baby Bullet—a lovely little double-opposed horizontal that

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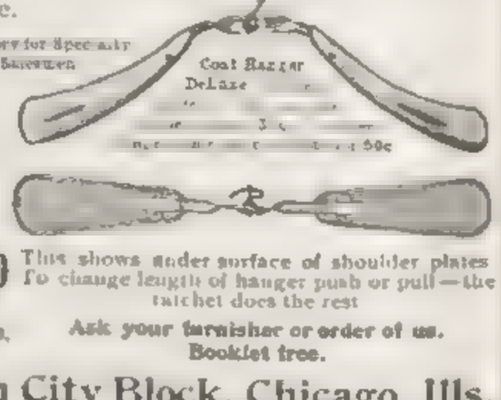

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shall be its namesake, and keep alive its memory!"

"Oh, Christine, listen!" cried Essy.

But strange to say Miss Schell showed no enthusiasm

"Perhaps you'd prefer an electric," said Sutphen, mistaking the nature of her hesitation, "or one of those dandy steamers with a compound engine and condenser?"

"Answer, my angel," said Alphonse.

His angel's lips quivered.

"Are we going to desert Baby Bullet?" she said. "Do you mean that we are to go away and do nothing to get it back? That—that we'll never see Baby again?"

Here was an unexpected facer for Prince Bountiful

"Of course, I'm ready to do anything you want," he stammered. "I—I——"

"I don't believe any of you cares what becomes of Baby," exclaimed Miss Schell tearfully.

The stinging truth of this assertion made them all feel guilty.

"I was tremendously fond of Baby," protested Sutphen.

"Why, Christine, we all loved the little car!" added Essy.

"The dear old Despardoux!" put in Alphonse. "It was Baby that brought us all togezzer, and intertwined ze treads of our lifes!"

"You bet it was," said Sutphen heartily.

"But nobody says anything about getting Baby back!" Miss Schell's tone of reproach was crushing. "And I can't help thinking that nobody wants to!"

There rose a chorus of denial.

"Of course, we're going to rescue Baby," exclaimed Sutphen, "and then take it to America with us—only it—it—kind of slipped my mind, you know!"

"Slipped his mind," explained Essy loyally

"Who knows what those horrid soldiers mayn't have done to it?" went on Miss Schell, morbidly trying to work on their feelings

"If there's one good thing in this old country it is their law," said Sutphen. "If you have enough money you can get the best law in the world, and take away anything from anybody! Now listen to me, Miss Schell: I tell you I'm going to recover Baby if it costs me my last dollar!"

"And begin right away?" ejaculated Miss Schell

"To-morrow," returned Sutphen

Miss Schell regained something of her composure. Now that Sutphen was pledged to recover Baby Bullet she hinted delicately that she was free to accept the new car. Not, as she protested, that it could ever take the former's place in her affections—but as a mere convenience in "getting around." But all the same, she recurred so constantly to her lost darling, and always with such an agitation and dread "that it might have been made away with," that it required a great deal of conversational nimbleness to keep her off this unfortunate topic. Her last word, as she said good-night to her host, was to remind him of his promise.

"Oh, my poor little car!" she exclaimed. "Who knows where it is to-night, or what they're doing to it?"

"It's in a good, comfortable barn somewhere," said Essy reassuringly.

"I've an awful premonition they're towing it into the Highlands," quavered Miss Schell

"Then we'll follow it," cried Sutphen, "and if need be we'll put a cordon of detectives round the entire country, and close in on them as Kitchener did on Cronje. Don't you be afraid, Miss Schell, we'll get Baby back if we have to run a fine-tooth comb through the entire kingdom!"

Chuck-chuck-chuck-miss! Chuck-chuck-miss-chuck-chuck! Chuck-miss-miss-pppprrrbb!—And the engine died as the little remaining gasoline slopped over to one side of the tank and uncovered the feed-pipe! They were now on the outskirts of Peebles, with hardly more than a teacupful of the precious fluid left. To leave the centre of the road involved on each occasion the death of the engine; and even in the centre, nursed like a sick child, it missed horribly, with gasps and splutters that showed the end was near. But so also was Peebles, and it became a heartrending race to get into port before the ship sank. They tolled through the suburbs, expecting every moment to be their last; staggered and cranked into the busy portion of the city; saw at length the great stone post-office looming at the end of a street. A three per cent grade revived the fainting engine—a three per cent grade, and Alphonse behind, pushing. They would make it, after all! Push, Alphonse, push! The cylinders were still working fitfully, and there were only fifty more yards to go. Forty yards! Thirty! It would be too cruel to fail now on their last teaspoonful! Their pride, their honor—everything was at stake.

Sutphen, with a sudden exclamation, began to wave his hand toward a radiantly dressed young man with whitey gloves and a silver-handled umbrella, who, on the stone steps of the post-office, was giving vent to the liveliest expressions of recognition and joy.

"Thank Heaven, there's Benjy!" he cried. "Oh, Essy, it's Benjy Bardeen—and all our troubles are over!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when, with a final convulsion, the engine coughed for the last time, and then died dead, ten feet short of the goal. Sutphen jumped out, and adding his strength to Alphonse, managed to push the car to the curb, where Benjy was waiting to welcome them

Sutphen shook hands with him, and then, playfully taking him by the ear, led him to the front of the car.

"Down on your knees," he roared. "Down on your knees, where this young lady can see you!"

"No, no—hold on—say, now—I'll explain it all——!"

Benjy, waving a beautifully gloved hand in the air, was willing to submit to anything were he only allowed to speak

"Morty, say, I've got in on the Kilburn Street Railway—you've got to listen—taken an option on the whole business—the biggest snap in the London street railway market——!"

"Down on your knees!" roared Sutphen.

Benjy, still talking, laid his handkerchief on the cobblestones, and obediently plumped down before Essy. Our whole party, tired, dusty and pale with hunger, watched him raise his hands in supplication.

"As I was saying," continued the suppliant in a vehement stream, "I had to find ten thousand pounds in the twinkling of an eye, and that was how I closed out our joint account in the sudden way I did—though why you sent me two hundred pounds, and a lot of ladies' rings, and a letter of credit that didn't belong to you, has kept me awake nights! I couldn't square it with your telegram or that red-hot post-card Well, I managed to scrape together the rest of the money, here and there, and landed right in—and yesterday, when the news got around to Brogan, he offered to come in at 110 on getting control, but I couldn't see it. Why, old man, it's the surest sixteen per cent. proposition there ever was——"

"Abase yourself, caitiff, and ask the young lady to forgive you!"

"Why, yes, certainly—with the greatest pleasure—I know I've made an awful mess of it, and caused you no end of trouble!"

"Miss Lockhart," said Sutphen, raising his smiling and bewildered friend, "this is Mr. Benjamin Bardeen, whom I hope you'll try and like. I used to like him myself once, before he burgled my tin bank. Miss Lockhart, Benjy, is the future Mrs. Mortimer Sutphen. Thanks to you, she hasn't had a bite since yesterday afternoon, and you had better make it up with her quick if you're likely to play much in our yard!"

Benjy's open countenance displayed extreme astonishment.

"Say, I'm most awful sorry!" he exclaimed, warmly shaking Essy's outstretched hand. "Good Heavens, I didn't know it had been as bad as that! Really, I ask you in all earnestness to forgive me—and let me congratulate you ever so heartily on your engagement. There isn't a finer man on earth than old Morty—but you quite take my breath away—he's been busy too, hasn't he? Miss Schell, delighted to meet you! How do you do, sir! So the gasoline gave out, did it?"

"Everything gave out," interrupted Sutphen.

Benjy went through another orgy of self-denunciation. Then he wanted to know why they hadn't done this—hadn't done that? He was irritatingly resourceful in the retrospect. He was told to shut up, and not make an infernal ass of himself.

"Don't stand here talking!" exclaimed Sutphen. "Get us something to eat quick!"

Deserting Gee Whiz, Benjy guided them to his hotel, recurring constantly on the way to the Kilburn Street Railway—to

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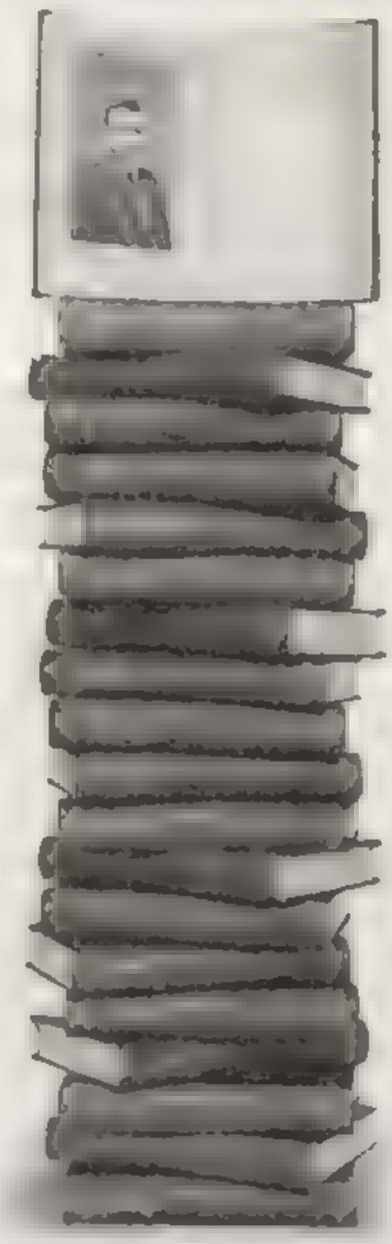

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Hobbs and Wilder, who were also coming in on the deal—to the amount of the bond issue—and mixing up congratulations, high finance, contrition, and what *he* would have done under the circumstances—all in one swift and continuous stream.

A meal was ordered in a private sitting-room, Sutphen comprehensively bidding the waiter to "bring them everything he had!" He was promised half a sovereign to exert himself, and flew out of the room as though fired from a cannon. The whole house could be heard running. Rolls, butter, radishes appeared at a run. Then tea and coffee on the gallop. Then files of waiters with dish-covers. Benjy Bardeen looked on aghast, in conscience-stricken surprise. No castaways, picked up on a raft, could have done better justice to what was provided. It was the breakfast of their lives! It was to live for years in their memory, and the tale of it would descend to their children, and their children's children. Never was there such marmalade, such toast, such tea, such kippers, such broiled ham, such Heaven-sent eggs! Gourmets might talk of Paris—of Voisin's and the Café Riche—but to Essy and Sutphen was ever the Waverly Hotel, Peebles!

Facing Miss Schell was a window that looked out on the street below. Suddenly she rose in her place with a cry of wonder and delight, dropping the piece of buttered toast she held in her hand. What was she pointing at so wildly? Her companions turned and followed the direction of her eyes. The how, why or wherefore of that extraordinary apparition would take another book to explain. Perhaps, if encouraged, the writer at some future day will bend himself to the task. But in the meanwhile it is enough to tell the present reader that there below, with a burly policeman on the seat, and another walking beside two immense dray-horses, was Baby Bullet, trundling drearily toward them! Downcast and woebegone, dusty, tire-sore, and creaking with weariness, it was limping into Peebles to search for those it loved!

Toot! Toot!

(THE END)

BY SOFT PERSUASION

(Continued from Page 7)

The paper in his hand rattled as he stood staring at me. It dropped to the floor after a minute, and he turned his back on me and walked over to the desk.

"You take advantage of your sex like other women," he said, nervously busying himself with the things on his blotter. "Just keep the desk till Bowman comes in, if you please. When he relieves you, you may consider your resignation accepted."

I nodded and hurried out of the room. But the door I opened clashed against the door of the telegraph-room as Peter came in with a message for me, and as I turned to take it I saw Offield go down on his irreproachable pearl-gray knees, fish about the waste-basket, gather together those four pieces into which he had torn the typewritten sheet that roused my curiosity and, embarrassed now—for he caught sight of my look of amazement and scorn at his actually thinking me capable of stealing his secret out of the waste-basket—crush them back into the drawer he had originally taken the paper from, lock it quickly and, seizing his hat, hurry out.

But, really, I was not so acutely conscious of what he did—and oh, how little I cared! The telegram I was reading sang itself over and over in my ears:

Am coming—sweetheart—sweetheart! Due at 7:30. T. T

If I could I'd have stood and dreamed over that all the hours that spread between him and me! But every scandal in town seemed to break loose just then. First there was the Grand Jury's ignoring the charges against and exonerating United Power. (Phew, how Bassett must have worked and paid for that!) Then word came from the hall of the arrest of Eustace Manlloyd for the unspeakable Drexler murder, and right on top of that came a wire from Bowman that Quillinan, the stage-robber, had been surrounded by a posse and a desperate fight was now going on.

I stuffed that precious yellow message inside my waist, and then the whole office rolled up its sleeves and sank in.

Oh, how we worked that night! I had my dinner sent in and nibbled bits of things as I danced from the local-room to the telegraph-room, besides keeping half a dozen 'phones going and every man pulling with a will.

And we did pull together! I like to think that that last night I held the desk we were good comrades, the News boys and I, all trusty soldier-sailors manning the good ship the News, all fighting the same battle, all eager for but one thing—to win. The boys had forgiven me for being a woman—my victory the day before had won me that—and I'd forgiven them for being so stupid as to resent sex in a city editor. And perhaps you don't think I was jolly glad I hadn't bounced Bowman when he 'phoned in a long distance description of the fight and an interview with the dying bandit which closed with a line like this: "It's exclusive; you can bet on that, Miss Massey. I'll leave Cottrell here to stand guard over Quilinan till he dies, with orders to shoot any reporter that catches up with us, and he'll swear that Quilinan did it before he passed in his checks."

"It's lovely, Mr. Fairbuoy, just lovely!" I sighed happily when there came a period of calm. My hair was tousled and my face was dirty and burning with excitement, but I was so content! "It only lacks one thing—oh, if one only could telegraph pictures!"

"We might fake one and label it 'from a description,'" Fairbuoy hazarded.

But I wouldn't have it. "It's a Times-Record trick," I sneered.

"That reminds me," he said, "of the only time the News ever did it. It was when you were up country, Miss Massey, and the whole office was desperate because we couldn't get a picture of pretty little Dorothea Chipchase. So we faked a drawing of that scene of you with her—remember?—and the next morning, when the agony was all over, we found that she'd sent her photo to Lowenthal when she wanted to go on the stage and Brockinton had shown it to—Miss Massey!"

"Yes—yes, what is it?"

"To Offield, who actually had had it in his desk all that time we were scurrying 'round for it! You know that queer collection of his of beautiful women's faces and ugly men's—and Quillinan is such an ugly brute—possibly——"

"Come on," I cried; "we'll see!"

The only difficulty about being a woman editor, even for a night, is that you haven't strength enough to force locks. But Fairbuoy had, all right, and the way he pried open one after the other of those drawers of the boss' desk would have joyed a burglar's heart.

The place looked like a wreck when we got through—but do you think we cared? There, in the bottom drawer, was the picture we wanted.

It was old and probably looked more like our R. P. by this time than like Quillinan, but it was A Picture. Why, the whole office came in and danced a war-dance about me as I sat on the floor, when they heard me cry out Hallelujah! But I shooed them back to work, cleared away the torn pieces of paper that had covered the picture, gave the precious thing to Fairbuoy to take up to the art-room, and set myself to piling back into the drawers the things we'd tumbled out.

My, what a lot of truck Offield had got together, such odds and ends, such a queer collection of unnecessary trifles, such——

Suddenly, as I was in the very act of replacing them mechanically, my eyes fell on the four pieces of torn paper Offield had thrust back into the drawer a couple of hours ago.

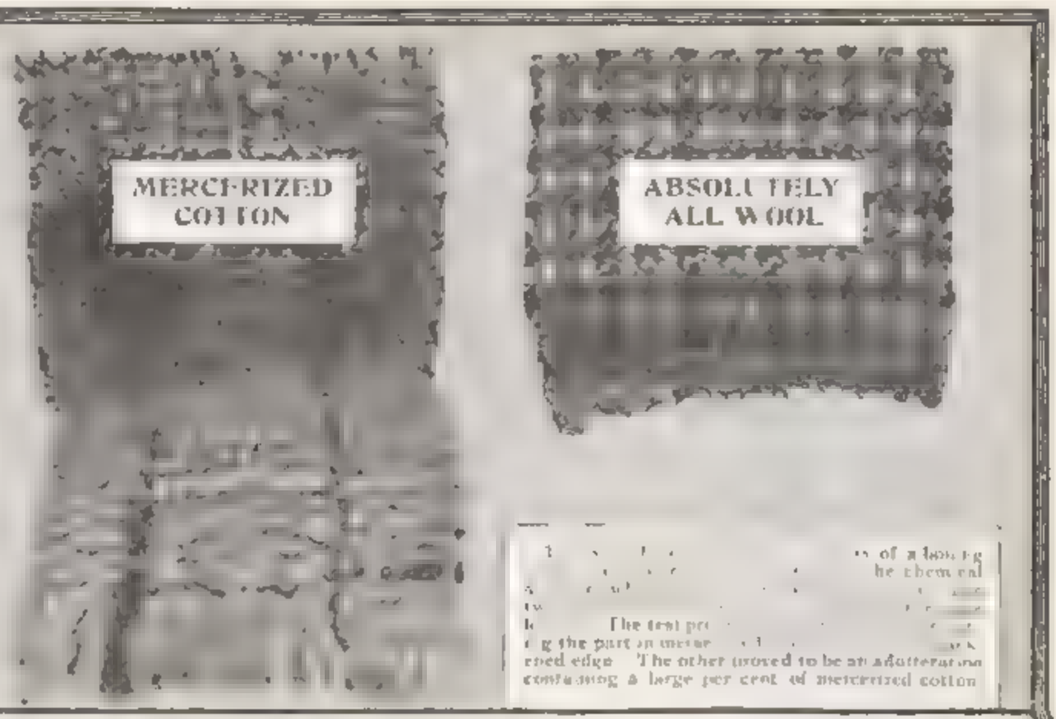
Oh, it was plain, then, very plain—his perturbation, his reassurance! For in my lap, in four sections indeed but otherwise intact, lay a typewritten copy of the contract between the News and United Power, annotated in red ink and in Offield's own handwriting, by our R. P. himself!

"Oh, you dear thing," I sobbed, laying my cheek upon it lovingly; "you dear, honest, *true* thing!"

I sat there on the floor comforted merely by the touch of it. Oh, just a big sheet of copy-paper to back it, a pot of muciage and five minutes' work! And then——

Then the door opened behind me and Offield came in.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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KIDNAPED BY BETTINA

(Continued from Page 11)

and then again it might not. They don't always have a soothing, angelic influence outside of books—those loved ones. On the whole, I guess you're a safer soother than the brown-eyed siren, Miss Kirby."

She smiled, but said nothing. Saying nothing was one of her accomplishments. If she had collected other details in addition to the item of brown eyes, had heard astonishing things about red-gold hair and a low, broad forehead, and firm, red lips betrayed by a dimple near their right-hand corner, and if—being as observing as she was quiet—she had studied Bettina Morton's face with considerable interest and drawn radical conclusions from that study, she was not the woman to mention these side-issues. She was there to nurse a patient.

Yet sometimes when Peyton, holding fast to her hand, assured her that there was no woman like her, that he had lost his heart to her the moment his eyes saw her, and that she must forgive him for the love's sake, the homely woman's face softened to a sympathy that actually approached beauty, and she sighed. If Miss Morton was the girl of the brown eyes, thought the nurse, the romance must be lamentably one-sided, for that brown-eyed young woman never approached the sick-room, asked about the patient only in a most perfunctory manner, was, to all appearances, profoundly indifferent to the south room drama, save as humanity impelled her to wish a safe recovery to any stranger within her brother's gates.

One day in early June, Willoughby Peyton opened his eyes and looked dully at the unfamiliar footboard of the four-poster bed; studied, with an effort at intentness, the pattern of the wall-paper; examined, with languid curiosity, the etching that hung where he could see it without moving. Slowly his befogged brain cleared and the unaccustomed surroundings brought a faint surprise, though memory was not yet stirring. Why was he in a room he did not know, and why was he so disinclined to move even his eyelids, and what the deuce was that thing around his head, and why did his right leg feel ——? Oh, yes, there had been an accident! His brain labored and brought forth another memory. He turned his head feebly on the pillow and, with a dawning hope in his eyes, he looked toward the window. As his gaze fell upon the crisp whiteness of petticoats, falling around the rockers of the low wicker chair, the hope became certainty. For an instant he closed his eyes, putting off the good moment, saving it. Then he looked again, but his glance traveled up from the crisp petticoats to a large waist, square shoulders, a swarthy, homely face, and, as he stared at the strange features, a sharp exclamation of disappointment escaped from his lips.

The woman in the chair rose quickly and came toward him, alarm changing to pleasure in her face as she met his look and read the sanity in it. The disappointment she noticed but did not understand. Coming back into the actualities after the raging of brain fever always affected sick folk oddly.

"I'm Miss Kirby, the nurse," she said. "You'd better not try to talk."

"Where am I?" he asked, and his voice sounded so small and far away that he smiled at the silly little thing.

"You're in Mr. Morton's home, where you were brought after the accident," said the nurse, her fingers on his pulse. "You've been very ill, but you are coming around all right now. And you really must not talk any more until the doctor comes."

She tucked a clinical thermometer into his mouth by way of enforcing the mandate, and he lay silently looking at her, but as she took the thermometer out and examined it, he asked another question:

"Has any one else been in the room—over there in the chair?"

She shook her head.

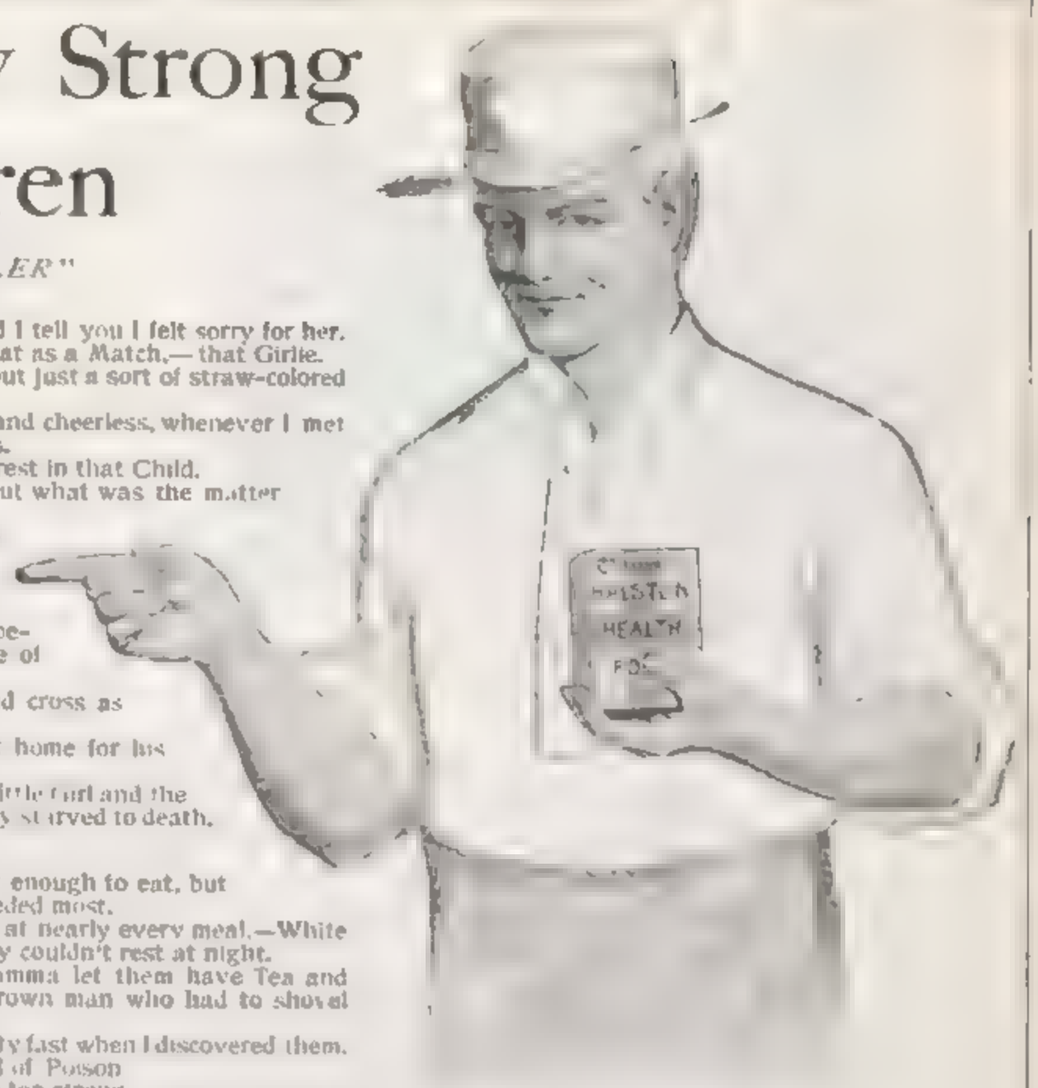
"No."

The disappointment deepened in his face. So she hadn't been with him after all, she hadn't looked down at him and spoken kindly! It had all been a part of the fever. The keen interest faded out of his eyes and he made no further effort to talk, but lay patching together memories, guessing, wondering, until the doctor came briskly into the room a few hours later

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the little man, as he saw the patient's look and

How to Grow Strong Children

By "THE MILLER"



"ONCE I knew a little Girl, and I tell you I felt sorry for her.

"She was just about as fat as a Match,—that Girlie.

"She wasn't a bit pink, but just a sort of straw-colored Yellow

"She always seemed tired, dull, and cheerless, whenever I met her on my way home from the mills.

Well,—I began to take an interest in that Child.

I made up my mind to find out what was the matter with her.

And I began to notice her little Brother too

He was stronger looking, but he was very scrawny for all that.

He had legs and arms like pipe-stems, and his face always had some of those ugly pimples on it.

I noticed too that he was peevish and cross as a little wildcat.

I guess he made no end of trouble at home for his Parents,—and they surely deserved it.

Because I found out later that the poor little Girl and the nervous cranky little Boy were being actually starved to death.

• • •

No,—I don't mean that they didn't get enough to eat, but they didn't get enough of the kind they needed most.

I found that they were being fed Meat at nearly every meal,—White Bread, Potatoes, and Sweet Things, till they couldn't rest at night.

They didn't care for Milk, so their Mamma let them have Tea and Coffee every now and then, just like a grown man who had to shovel ditches.

That Boy and Girl were getting Old pretty fast when I discovered them. You see Meat and Coffee or Tea are a kind of Poison to children under Fifteen. These things are too strong for them and make them grow Old before their time

Meat heats up their blood, makes them nervous and peevish, puts pimples on their faces, and queer thoughts into their minds long before such thoughts should come there.

I tell you that much meat is mighty bad for Children.

It fills their systems full of uric acid and the lime that makes people Old and stiff in their veins and bones too soon

It doesn't give them a chance to spring up tall enough, and wide enough, before their bones harden into a set shape that lasts forever.

Well these two children were actually getting into a kind of Old Age, in their very youth.

What they needed was something to make them GROW, and stop the aging till they had grown enough.

Now, do you know what makes all living things GROW?

Well it is Phosphorus that makes things grow.

• • •

Dr. Hutchinson, in his famous book on "Food and Dietetics" says, "Wherever Growth is most Active there will be found the most Phosphorus." And, what Boys and Girls need to make them Grow tall, and straight, and strong, and clever, is Phosphorus.

It is Phosphorus that makes the Yolk of an Egg grow into a living Chicken. And it is Phosphorus that makes a little seed of wheat grow into a tall straw with a burly head of Grain on top of it, sometimes with whiskers like a Russian.

You see the Yolk of an Egg is more than half Phosphorus, or Phosphoric Acid. And the Germ or "Heart" of Wheat is like the Yolk or "Heart" of Egg. Because, it has the same kind of Phosphorus in it, for the very same reason—namely to put Life into each when a little Natural heat is added by the setting hen or the warm earth.

So, when you eat a food so full of Phosphorus as the Germ of Wheat, or the Yolk of an Egg, your stomach doesn't have to work much over it to turn it into Life for you. Because it is almost ready to sprout into Life at once with the heat of your own body as soon as you have eaten it. Besides, this Phosphorus is what the Brain uses up in Thinking and what the nerves use up in Working the body.

The right kind of Phosphorus turns into Nerve tissue, and Brain-work, just as Fat Meat or Starch turn into Heat, and Lean Meat, or the Gluten of Wheat, turn into Human Muscle when eaten

And this Phosphorus, in the "Heart" or Germ of Wheat, is what makes Children grow up like rushes,—strong and straight and Brainy, with heads on them full of good Ideas and with steady nerves to fight the battle of life in a way that wins success.

But, pshaw!—any Doctor could have told you that!

Now these two Children needed some of this good Human Phosphorus, and they needed it badly, as I could see.

I gave it to them in a way they never suspected, and perhaps they don't know yet how they got it

You see this "Ralston Health Food" of ours has all the "Heart" of Wheat, or Germ of Wheat preserved in it by a process of ours that prevents it spoiling.

And, as I told you before, this "Heart" or Germ of Wheat is full of the right kind of Phosphorus that makes things GROW like Magic.

So I sent the Children's Mother a whole case of this wonderful Ralston Health Food, and I made her promise to feed them with it, instead of Meat for Breakfast and Supper

• • •

Well, you could almost SEE that Boy and Girl grow, between morning and night. They got plump, and lively, and cheerful and "bright" and looked as young as their years again.

The fine human Phosphorus, and the good rich Gluten, in the Ralston Health Food took the place of the heating, aging, dyspeptic Meat and made new Children of them.

Yet the Ralston Health Food is very cheap, you'll notice

It costs only Ten Cents for a package that makes Seven pounds of delicious Cereal, when cooked Five minutes, ready to eat.

And the 15 cent package cooks into 14 pounds of ready-to-eat Cereal.

It would cost you 15 cents for a little more than HALF a Pound of Meat instead. Think of that!

Now why don't YOU get a package of this splendid Nerve-feeding, Brain-building, Child-growing, RALSTON HEALTH FOOD?

Get it today from your Grocer.

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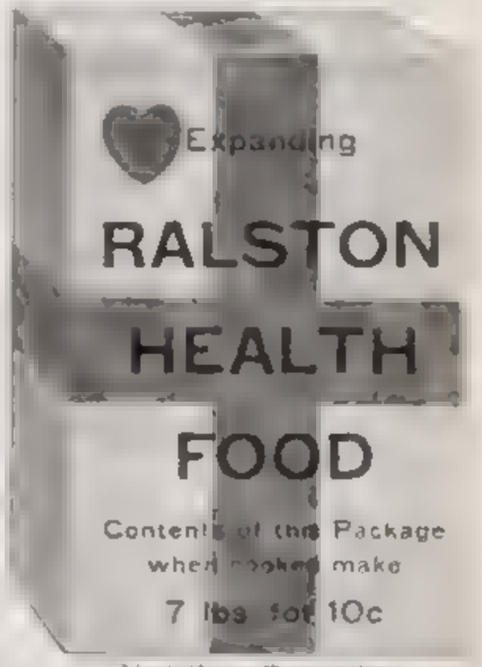

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After an attack of typhoid fever he had noticed his hearing was slightly affected. Years went by with the deafness gradually getting worse in spite of the best treatment and the use of every device for the relief of deafness then known to science, until, as stated above, he had practically lost all sense of hearing

This engineer was a well-known inventor of mechanical devices and he decided [illegible] Then he did just what [illegible] his own dynamos which was not working right. He experimented in order to find out the best method of [illegible] ving the cause of his deafness. [illegible] nearly all cases of deafness, was in the natural ear drum, which was so thicke[illegible] it could not catch the vibrations of sounds. [illegible] of the experiments of this clever inventor is the most perfect artificial ear drum the world has ever seen.

Every one who is at all hard of hearing should write to the happy engineer of Detroit. His name is Geo. P. Way and the name of his wonderful invention is "The Way Ear Drum."

These drums are scientifically constructed from a peculiarly sensitized material molded to fit exactly the opening to the inner ear and are entirely invisible. During the years devoted to perfecting his wonderful invention, Mr. Way made hundreds of drums of different shapes and sizes before he got his present perfect drum. **Note in the illustration its peculiar shape—exhaustive experiments have proved that unless an artificial drum has these exact curves the sound waves are not caught as they should be. Note again how the drum is narrowed down to a small tube just where it strikes the natural ear drum. This feature alone is most valuable as it intensifies the sound waves and makes hearing possible even for those who have almost entirely lost all sense of sound.**

[illegible] investigation of the [illegible] Way [illegible] device, have given [illegible] stand behind Mr Way's [illegible] most physicians indorse these claims and recommend their use to their patients.

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Miss Kirby's smile. "What's all this? This is something like, eh, Miss Kirby? How d'you feel, my boy?"

"More or less like Judgment Day with my bones badly sorted."

Doctor Dawson grinned.

"No, this is the same old world, though you tried hard enough to get out of it—and we flatter ourselves we've done a pretty good job of bone-sorting, don't we, Miss Kirby? Now you keep quiet, old man, and in a few days you can talk a blue streak if you want to. Don't think and worry. Just let things slide."

"I want to see Mr. Morton."

The doctor shook his head

"But I've got to see him right away!"

There was urgency, excitement, in the tones, and the doctor looked disturbed and spoke soothingly.

"Well, we'll see about it to-morrow. It won't do to-night, but if you keep quiet and don't get excited and sleep to-night, maybe we can fix it to-morrow. Tom will be mighty glad to see you. He's been worrying about you in a way that wasn't flattering to me. Miss Kirby, no excitement for this boy to-night and no more talking."

He went out, whistling under his breath, as was his fashion when he was pleased, and met Bettina Morton on the stairs.

"Our patient's rational at last," he said, with a great satisfaction in his tones, the satisfaction of one who has fought a hard fight and won. "He isn't out of the woods yet, but we've got the fever under and he's through the darkest woods, unless something unexpected turns up. By next week you can go in and cheer him up a bit."

He went down the stairs and Bettina hurried to her own room, where she dropped into a big chair with a little catch in her breath and a flutter in her heart.

Of course, she was glad Mr. Peyton was so much better. She admitted that. He was a human being even if he was horrid, and one mustn't allow her dislikes to make one unnaturally hard-hearted. As for cheering him up, wild horses couldn't drag her to the creature's room, but—probably she'd have to see him before he left the house. She couldn't very well go away to escape him, and one couldn't but be civil in one's own home. She would treat him decently, of course, and avoid him as much as possible.

The sick man's desire to see Tom Morton was so fixed, so strenuous, that the next day, when Tom came from the city, the doctor told him to go up and see his friend.

"He wants to see you alone," said Doctor Dawson, "and I think he wants to tell you something that's worrying him—wants to get it off his mind. He'll fret his temperature up if I don't let him see you, but you must be careful. Don't let him get excited. Satisfy his mind if you have to lie like smoke to do it. The Recording Angel can charge it up to me. Mercury's the god of doctors as well as of innkeepers. Run along, boy, but keep your wits about you."

Miss Kirby left the sick-room as Tom Morton entered it, and there was an embarrassing moment for both men, as the visitor walked toward the bed; but Tom's genial voice broke the silence

"Well, Peyton, how goes it?"

The sick man looked at him gratefully

"Know who I am, I see," he said in his weak, languid voice

Tom nodded cheerfully.

"Went through your clothes and found some cards. Nobody knows anything about the misunderstanding except Betty and my wife and me. They all think you're an old college friend of mine. Tough luck to get knocked out this way, wasn't it?"

Peyton was struggling for words

"I owe you an apology," he said at last. "It was beastly of me, but I honestly didn't intend the thing should go so far. Your sister took me by surprise—and I didn't stop to think—and—and she was so beautiful!" he wound up lamely with a propitiatory look at the big man beside him.

A broad, spreading grin illumined the face of Bettina's reprehensible brother

"Just that," he said with a chuckle. "Don't worry, old man! What could a fellow do when a pretty girl insisted on running away with him?"

Peyton was relieved, but still abjectly contrite

"I thought I'd tell her on the boat, but there was such a crowd right around us and then in the station we met all those friends of hers, and—— Say, wasn't I in an awful hole, and isn't it the worst sort of luck for me to be flung on your charity this way and to have to impose on you as I am imposing on you? It's enough to make a fellow turn his face to the wall and die!"

Tom laughed, a jolly, friendly laugh that warmed the cockles of the sick man's heart.

"Rot!" he said simply and conclusively. "Don't you bother your head about all that. We're glad to have you here and delighted to do all we can for you. We had Remington up, and Dawson's good, and you've got a corking fine nurse. Is there any one you'd like to have come—any one you want me to telegraph to?"

Peyton thought for a moment; then shook his head.

"No; I haven't any near relatives, and most of my friends are on the other side of the water. Even Parker's over there. He's my valet, and I rather fancy he's my best friend. I'll cable for Parker a little later. You see, ever since I left Yale I've been looking after my uncle. Rum old chap, Uncle Willoughby was, but he wasn't so bad as his temper and his liver. Dad died before I got through college, and there wasn't anybody here belonging to me. Uncle Willoughby was all alone, too—living abroad, in England mostly, but trotting around from one liver-cure to another. He sent for me and I went over for a few months—thought I wouldn't stay a week when I first met my relative, but he got worse and needed me, and we grew fond of each other after a queer fashion, so I stuck by him and let him do half his swearing at me, so his valet—that's Parker—could have a chance to breathe. We took care of the old gentleman, Parker and I, but it wasn't the sort of thing I'd mapped out for myself, and I couldn't have kept it up if it hadn't been for the confounded loneliness and helplessness of the cantankerous old fellow. He died in March and left me a pot of money, and I made for New York. But you see, ten years has wiped me out of the memories of my old friends here. There's Dick Martin. I'd like to send word to Dick at the Knickerbocker Club. I was on my way to spend Sunday with Dick when I—digressed."

"Transgressed," corrected Tom.

"Yes, that's better. If you'd let Coates know about me. He's my lawyer over here, and he'd send some one out to arrange about business matters. Awfully good of you to have been my banker so far, Mr. Morton."

"Better make it Tom. That'll suit the old college proposition better. Don't worry; I'll see to everything."

Peyton lay still. The exertion of talking, even for a few minutes, had left him weak and white.

"Your—your sister," he said, with an effort caused as much by embarrassment as by fatigue. "They tell me she wasn't hurt."

"Oh, no, Bettina's all right!"

"She's—I suppose—of course, she's angry with me—thinks I'm a bounder."

Peyton's anxious face pleaded for reassurance, and Tom, remembering the doctor's admonition, lied stoutly.

"Bettina? Oh, no, Bettina isn't that kind. Of course, she didn't like it at first, but she's not angry now—don't get that idea in your head."

A look of intense relief overspread the thin, white face.

"You're all awfully good," Peyton murmured weakly but gratefully, and Miss Kirby, coming in, shooed Tom out of the room

The convalescence progressed tediously, but Peyton was, for a man, fairly patient and amenable. Tom dropped into the sick-room every day and stayed until put out. Pretty, inconsequent Molly donned her fluffiest and daintiest summer frocks for the invalid's benefit, and petted him, humored him, cooed over him in a fashion which—taken in conjunction with a Southern voice, a lovely face and a certain childlike irresponsibility—was eminently agreeable to the invalid, but which moved Miss Kirby to something between wonder and contempt. Life had been a serious matter for Miss Kirby. She did not understand the lilies of the field. It is only the beautiful woman who can, if she chooses, leave responsibility to the rest of the world, sure that the rest of the world will humbly adjust its shoulders to the burden. Each day Charlie Alling drifted in and out of the house to see the sick man, in whom he felt a proprietary interest; Doctor Dawson called more often than professional concern demanded

But Betty Morton went her way serenely, and her way did not lead her to the sunny south room

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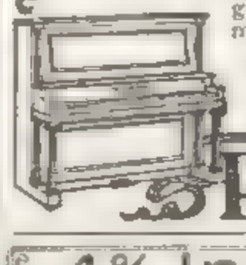

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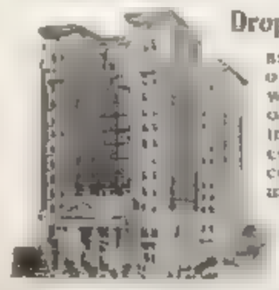

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So easy and simple is its operation that you can sit comfortably in a chair while running it; even a small child can turn out a tubful of clothes in from six to ten minutes by the clock, without any particular exertion. That is due to the "ball-bearings," a circle of sixteen small steel balls resting in a flat steel cup, or collar. On these balls rests the whole weight of the tub, with the result that the machine, even when full of water and clothes, runs as easily and smoothly as a bicycle.

[PATENT PENDING]

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In addition to that, there are on the under side of the tub two powerful coil springs. These do practically all the work of revolving the machine, your part being merely to keep it in motion once it is started.

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Now, it is true there are other machines which, it is claimed, do the same things in almost the same way, but if you will read the following you will find that the **IMPROVED ACME** is

Note (1) how the movable wringer stand brings the wringer over the tub so that no water falls on the floor; (2) the extension stand holds the clothes basket or rinsing tub on a level with the machine-tub; (3) the hinged lid and "rubber" leaned back on the handle, so that every drop of suds drains back into the tub.

The Most Practical Washer Made

In addition to being made of the very best materials throughout, handsomely finished in natural wood, it has a number of *special features* which are not found on any other machine. There is no other washer like it; there is *no other washer* "just as good" as the **IMPROVED ACME.**

1. **THE MOVABLE WRINGER STAND** is made of two strong angle-steel uprights, between the upper ends of which is bolted a piece of hard maple board, to which the wringer is to be fastened. The lower ends of these uprights are attached to the framework of the machine. They are movable forward and back, and are firmly held in any position by hand-screws. When the wringer is to be used, loosen the hand-screws, push the stand toward the tub until the angle-steel uprights rest against it on either side, and tighten the screws. (No tools needed.) The position of the wringer is then directly over the tub, where it is rigidly held, and every single drop of water falls back into the tub instead of on the floor. (See illustration below.) When through wringing, push the stand back into place. The whole operation is so perfectly simple that it can be done in less time than it takes to read these lines. The wringer, once attached, need never be taken off again.

2. **THE HINGED LID.** This consists of two parts. The inner, with cleats attached and holes bored through it, technically called the "rubber," serves to hold the clothes in place, adjusting itself to their height. The outer, or actual cover, fits the tub snugly all around, being practically steam-tight and preventing the water from splashing over. When ready to do the wringing or otherwise wanting access to the tub you merely raise this double cover and rest it back against the handle, which allows all suds to drain back into the tub. (See illustration.)

3. **EXTENSION STAND.** This is another of the many advantages of the **IMPROVED ACME.** When the machine is not in use, or when washing only, this stand is folded up out of the way. (See illustration above.) When ready to wring the clothes into a tub of rinsing water or into the clothes basket, let down the extension stand—just two motions required—and it will hold tub or basket close to and on a level with the machine tub. There is no danger of clothes falling on the floor, no need of an overturned chair or box, and no necessity of continually stooping over.

There are many other points about the **IMPROVED ACME** which prove it to be in every way superior to any other washer made. For instance, there is no iron post running through our machine, to rust and stain, or possibly tear the clothes. We cannot enumerate all these points here, but have fully set them forth in a booklet entitled "Wash-Day Comfort." This is **FREE** for the asking. May we send you a copy?

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If you will write us that you are interested in the matter, we will arrange with the dealer in your town, who handles the **IMPROVED ACME Washer** to deliver a machine at your house, show you how to run it, and allow you to use it a full month. At the end of that time, if the machine is not in every way satisfactory and as we represent it, he will take it away without your paying him a single cent, or if you have paid him anything he will refund you every penny of your money. He will do this cheerfully and readily, because our guarantee to him protects him against loss. All you risk is a two-cent postage stamp to mail us your letter.

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Sense and Nonsense

The Fence

The fence it runs around the yard;
It has a swinging gait;
All day, all night, it stands on guard—
Such is the picket's fate.
A better servant it than most:
The fence it never leaves its post.

The Story that Ended the War

THE important part played by President Roosevelt in accomplishing peace between Russia and Japan was doubtless materially assisted by a homely story which he related to Baron Komura and Minister Takahira on the occasion of their call at Oyster Bay, shortly before the beginning of the peace conference at Portsmouth.

Baron Komura having outlined the terms which Japan was prepared to demand, the President strongly advised him to omit the article calling on Russia to defray the cost of the war. The pros and cons were discussed for some time and finally Baron Komura said that Russia must reimburse Japan in some manner, and if she did not Japan could and would annihilate Linevitch's army.

"I regard that as possible, even probable," replied the President. "But what will it cost Japan to do so? The situation reminds me of an incident which occurred during my early experience in the West. I was riding across the plains in a railway train when a powerful bull placed himself squarely between the rails and defied the oncoming locomotive. Now, the engineer could have accepted the challenge and he would doubtless have annihilated that irate bull. But he didn't. No, he stopped the train and, with the aid of the train crew, drove the animal off the track. Why? Because of the possible damage which might have been done the train had he run over the bull. It might have derailed the locomotive."

When the President had concluded, the Japanese envoys asked several questions regarding the possible fate of a train which attempted to run down a bull, and in their semi-official correspondence with the President, during the conference, the story was referred to by Baron Komura several times.

Apparently the philosophy of the anecdote did not appeal to the senior Japanese envoy, but it is a matter of history that the detailed account of the plenipotentiaries' conversation with the President, which they cabled to Tokyo, contained the bull story, and subsequent events seem to indicate that the moral of the tale was not lost on Marquis Ito and on the Emperor of Japan. Who knows what effect this homely illustration of a very practical diplomacy may have had on the fate of two great nations?

Just a Few Easy Ways to Get Rich

AFTER all, it is not so very hard to get rich. Fortunes offer themselves on every hand as rewards for a little ingenuity. For example, a machine is wanted that will open oysters. If you can make one that will do the work satisfactorily, it will render you independent for life.

Too difficult, you think? Take an easy one, then. How about a substitute for carpet—just a floor covering that will serve the same purpose at less cost. You can be a multi-millionaire before the year is out if you can solve that little problem.

There are, however, other things much easier. Perhaps, for example, you can contrive a simple and inexpensive tool that will cut ice without wasting it, taking the place of the wretched and extravagant ice-pick now in use. Why not try, anyway? There should be, one would think, the principle of the saw about it somewhere.

Here's another: an envelope that cannot be opened without detection is yet to be invented. Can you not solve the problem? As Colonel Sellers used to say, there's millions in it.

The bottle that cannot be refilled. Ah, there's a puzzle for you. Thousands of people have scratched their heads over it, and hundreds of patents have been granted for such bottles. But the trouble with them all is that they cost too much. Can you not make a cheap one?

Can't you think of a way to fasten panes in windows without the use of putty? Puzzle that out, and you won't have to do any more work.

But we were speaking of envelopes. What is the matter with devising one that is suitable for carrying small articles through the mails? Nothing of the kind exists at present. Will you not step into the breach, and while covering yourself with glory, fill your pockets with money?

Another thing that is much wanted in the world is a scrubbing machine. Invent one! If you do not, somebody else surely will, and then you will be sorry. Think what a boon such a contrivance would be to overworked housewives, and give your brain an extra hustle.

Most folks, especially women, cannot sharpen their own knives. They need some little machine that will enable them to get over the difficulty. Why not make one and patent it?

If you are a young man it is ten to one that you are often occupied in turning music for a young lady at the piano. When you are not on hand she is obliged to do it for herself. This is all wrong. There ought to be some simple apparatus for doing the work automatically.

Typewriters make a dreadful noise. How can it be deadened, so that every business office may not resound with the unceasing rattle of the keys? Any one of the big companies that sell such writing machines would gladly pay $50,000 cash for a solution of that puzzle.

These are only a few of the inventions that remain to be thought out. Each one of them represents a fortune for somebody; and incidentally they serve to illustrate the fact that plenty of useful mechanical discoveries are yet to be made, and that there is no lack of opportunities for the rising generation of inventors to utilize.

A Master of Sarcasm

ONE of the most formidable weapons of wit is sarcasm, whose effectiveness lies in the obliquity of its attack. A true sarcasm has been compared to a sword-stick; at first sight it appears to be much more innocent than it is, till, on a sudden, there leaps something out of it—sharp, deadly and incisive—which makes you tremble and recoil. Douglas Jerrold was a great master of this species of wit. "Some persons," says old Thomas Fuller, "think their conceits like mustard, not good unless they bite." Such a jester was Jerrold. He had a positive genius for retort. His famous definition of dogmatism as "puppyism full grown" is more than a pun; it is a pithy piece of philosophy.

"I hear that you say," said a much overrated author, "that my last book was the worst I ever wrote."

"No," responded Jerrold; "I said that it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

An old gentleman—a fearful bore—who was in the habit of waylaying the wit, one day met his victim, and planting himself directly in his way, said:

"Well, Jerrold, what is going on to-day?"

"I am," said the wit, darting quickly by him.

Then there was his neat query to the author of Ion: "Well, Talfourd, have you any more Ions in the fire?"

"Do you call that a kind man," said an actor of an acquaintance who was abroad—"a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing?"

"Certainly," said Jerrold; "unremitting kindness."

A playwright complained of suffering from brain fever. "Courage, my good fellow!" said the wit; "there's no foundation for the fear."

Jerrold hated snobbishness, and when that incarnation of vanity, Samuel Warren, author of Ten Thousand a Year, complained one day that at a ducal house, where he had dined, he could get no fish: "I suppose," was Jerrold's cutting response, "they had eaten it all upstairs."

A not very worthy recipient of charity had been helped by frequent subscriptions to keep the wolf from his door. When a fresh appeal was made in his behalf, Jerrold asked: "How much does he want this time?"

"Why, just a four and two naughts will put him on his feet."

"Well," said the wit, "put me down for one of the naughts."

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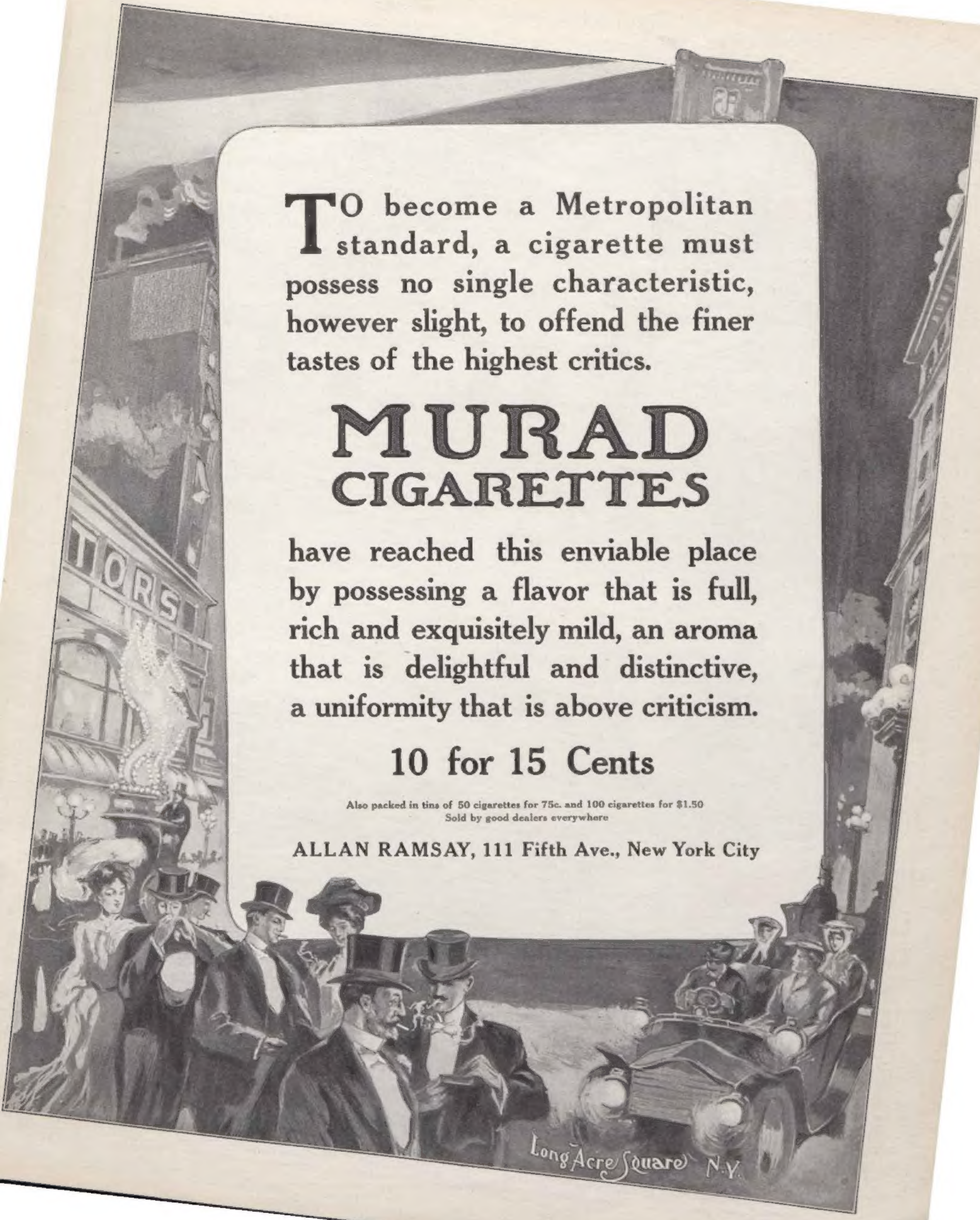
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